







*Burial Ceremony*Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust.

And after death, what? an empty void? or the start of a new life? Puzzling questions, questions that remain still unanswered despite talks and theories of this and that. After death, does the physical life cease and the mental life go onwards, an immortal life, forever?

Since time immortal there are only two places where the dead go, heaven and hell, heaven where people live in peace, wearing white robes with wings on their back, and red hell where Satan rules with an iron will, where men and sinners are tortured and burned in agony and pain, where devils with long horns and tails carry the nude bodies of the fallen and cast them into pits of fire and heat.

Little children are told when they were small, "If you tell any lies, you will not go to heaven." Meaning that they will go to hell where they will suffer more torture. But if the children are good they will go to heaven up in the sky and live in peace, everlasting peace.

A person either goes to heaven or hell, there seems to be no middle course, of course, a person could refuse to die and remain on this earth.

Confucius the wise man of China never talks about heaven or hell. He said taking care of the events of the world is enough, without worrying about what is in store for a person after he dies.







But I guess everyone worries about what is in store for him after he leaves this earth at one time or another. Does a person ever really die completely, or is there still a continuance of life after the last breath is out.

Just recently in the papers I read that science has invented a machine that is able to photograph the soul in a dying person just at the moment when it is leaving the body. And under the advertisement there was a note stating that anyone wishing to come to the lecture would see actual pictures of souls leaving the bodies of dying persons, photographed in a New York hospital. It only goes to prove that even in this day and age, the question of life and death still puzzles many persons.

And to add to all the confusion of life and dead, we recently saw a motion picture where a person was buried prematurely, and finally some doctors believing that the person was murdered, dug the corpse up, and found him still alive. It seems that the dead person was not completely dead when he's supposed to be dead. And then there is that rather sensational work of a certain doctor who killed a dog scientifically, and then brought him back to life in an experiment, pointing the way that if a dog can be revived why not human beings too? And then there is that experiment with a pig who was frozen to death, and then brought back to life too.

We remembering reading somewhere about a person who was dying, and he happened to overhear the doctors talking about arrangements for his funeral. He was so shocked at this, and so mad he refused to die, and he managed to live until he was of an old age. Then we remember reading in a book how a man who was tired of living, and he went to bed one night, deciding that he might just as well be dead, since there is nothing to live for. The next morning he was found dead, and there was nothing wrong with him at all. He made up his mind to die, and he died.







It seems that the mind of a person influences his physical life a great deal, doing good or harm as the mind dictates. And we remember reading another book in which it states that over forty percent of the dead people in this country is buried alive every year, people who died from shock or heart failure, fatal because the heart refuses to function. These persons are called dead because there is no way to revive the heart. When a person dies in this way, his heart stops but the other part of his body lives on, but they too will die if the heart is not beating to keep them alive. It seems that if some way is found to keep the heart of a person beating after it stops, then the person could live on.

So the persons who die from shock or heart attack are really not dead. It's only that their heart stops. And because their hearts stop, they are called dead, when it is only that their hearts are dead, and not the whole body. If the hearts of these persons could be revived, just think how many people who usually would be buried under the earth, could still enjoy life.

And again we remember reading somewhere how the life of a dying person could be prolonged by sticking a long electric needle into the heart of the person and making the heart beat artificially. In some cases a person has already died, but by sticking a needle into his heart he would show signs of life, and when questioned if he remembers anything, all of them say that they seem to come back from an empty void, being no mention of heaven or hell.

A very interesting statement, one which probably stirred a lot of talk and argument.

When we were working on a former project, we wrote about a certain person who used to deliver books on heaven and hell around to the Chinese people every year. I guess it is all right if we repeat what we had written before.







These books used to be delivered around to the Chinese people at a definite time every year, are supposed to educate the people about heaven and hell. These books are printed and are delivered free of charge to every single Chinese family. During the last six or seven years, this had not been done. Why, we don't exactly know.

Anyhow, these books are bound in red or orange thin Chinese papers. Usually two long volumes are delivered to each household. These books are profusely illustrated with weird and odd pictures of the world beyond, pictures of Yim Low Wong, the Satan, the black faced king of the torture land. And there are pictures of heaven, of white robes and wine and peace.

These books are for the purpose to teach the people to be good, and kind, and not be sinners. There are long pages describing the tortures of hell, and the happiness of heaven.

Hell, where the stomach of the sinners are ripped open with long intestines flowing out, where bodies of men and women are thrown into the spike gardens, where heavy cars and trucks crushed the puny bodies of the dissipated sinners. All weird and blood chilling illustrations, pictures of the black faced Satan who rules with an iron hand.

Then there are pictures of nude bodies tied around hot pipes and stoves while devils cut them into minute pieces. Pictures of people and torso without heads, blood dripping downward, red blood of the bad. Just looking at these pictures would chill the hearts of anyone.

And in startling contrast, the peace of heaven, the serene and majestic silence of the heavens, the calm expression of the virgins and the goodmen, the white robes, the quietness. The wine and foods to be eaten, all these make a startling and really peculiar contrast to the pictures of hell.







And the talk of ghosts. Does a person become a ghost when he dies, or does he not become a ghost, a sort of to be or not be question. Ghost stories are really very startling when told by a Chinese. Actual ghost stories told by people who really have seen them, who really have felt them, who really have touched them, in fact true stories of true things in China. But strangely enough, we hear very little of ghosts over here in America.

My sister used to tell me a story about a woman living in San Francisco who died and then got well in a very startling manner. Whether the story is true or not I do not know, but my sister told me that she had met this woman, and the woman told her the story.

The woman said that after she died she seemed to begin to sink downward toward the center of the earth. It was just down, down, down forever. When she landed on the bottom of the land, all was darkness, and all around the walls there were odd looking objects, grotesque figures and distorted devils. An eerie light managed to shine downwards from somewhere far away. Then she entered a long dark hallway and went into a room where the black faced King was sitting on a throne. There were shouts of people suffering from the tortures of hell, weird wailing that reminded one of the Inferno of Dantes.

Then someone began to push her away, and she grew so afraid that she ran out and came upon some stairs, long tall stairs, and she began to climb them, one after another, and after what seemed like long years, she was still climbing the stairs and soon she was out on top. At that precise moment she woke up and found herself in her home and that she was alive. We know of many incidents more or less along this same line, very strange and unbelievable.

And then there was the talk of how a person could become a ghost. We are always hearing of such things and whether they are true or not does







not seem important, but the people who told them to us in every case, state that it is absolutely true.

Whenever a person wishes to revenge the death of someone in the family, and finds that he is unable to do so alone usually makes up his mind that he will become a ghost. So he wanders off to a lonely hill, until he comes upon a coffin. He will bring with him foodstuffs and water to last forty-nine days. He will lie down beneath the coffin for that length of time, and if during that time he sees no human beings, he would become a ghost, an invisible ghost capable of killing and murdering the person he wishes. After he kills the person he himself will die too. If after he becomes a ghost and he does not kill anyone, he would wander around still a ghost until he will kill someone.

Because we are always doubtful of what we hear, we question many many people whether this could actually happen. Not that it could actually happen, but has happened, we are informed, and if we do not believe it, then just follow the instruction above and you will become one of these ghosts. So all you have to do is to lie under the coffin for forty-nine days, and find out for yourself, so good luck.

I think that when a Chinese is dying he does not think of either heaven or hell. To them, death is the end of earthly existence, and that is all. And when a person dies, he just dies, it is the end.

The Chinese have great respect for the dead, and are very regular in observing the holidays. That is why it is so important to find a wife for every eligible bachelor in China, so that when the parents of the boy die, they shall have a faithful daughter-in-law who will weep for them regularly. And there are people, the parents who always bewail the fact that when they die there will be no one who will weep for them, and they think they are very unfortunate and that they shall always remain in their graves unwept and unsung.







A good daughter-in-law is one who is always willing to weep for the boy's parents and who always light the candles regularly. And the people will say, "She is a good daughter-in-law, and she has wept faithfully and obediently for the dead ones."

The parents over here do not worry about who is going to weep for them when they shall leave this earth. There are so many more cheerful things to think about, instead of all the gloom and sadness connected with the departed and dead.

As in weddings, the funerals are elaborate affairs, and noise and trouble are always in evidence, and as one person puts it, sometimes the only difference between a wedding and a funeral, is that instead of a coffin parading through the streets, one sees a sedan chair, otherwise everything is almost the same. So the Chinese takes its weddings as seriously as the funeral, both occasions noisy and elaborate.

And as in weddings a funeral takes many days to be completely through and finished.

In China, white is the color for mourning, plain white, and not black as practiced by western countries. When a person dies, everyone in the family would discard their regular clothes and robe themselves completely in white. In America when a Chinese dies, the family wear black, and not white. Well, strange things do happen.

As we have said before, a death is followed by an enormous amount of crying, and weeping and wailing, and from the towns the nuns and priests would come and chant for hours and days at a stretch. They would play their crude instruments and chant and march all around the dead body, tirelessly and regularly, and sometimes the members of the family would all follow around and around, and as stated by one woman, the people would have to march around for one hundred times, and as stated by another, there is no definite number of times to march around. The first day when





the person is dead he is taken out into the outer room and placed on a wooden board held up by two chairs. The body is placed in this position for one whole day, and whenever anyone comes to see it, they would bring candles and sometimes food, and placed in on the floor, and weep for the corpse. They would all come dressed in the color of white, and when they leave the house, they would be given two long pieces of white cloth. These people when they go back to their houses, would light a fire in front of their door, and then hop over the fire and enter into their own house. In this way they would get the evil out of their houses.

The corpse would lay in this position on the boards for the first day. During all this time the priests and nuns would be chanting and wailing for long dreary hours. And the members of the house would come and weep for the departed one. And during the long hours of the night the corpse is watched by everyone, or anyone who wishes to do it, and the one who does it would sleep in the same room as the corpse, although he does not actually sleep, as he is supposed to keep watch over the dead body.

Sometimes there would be many people watching the body, and when one of them goes to sleep, the other would watch, and so on. And during the three days the body is in the house there would be somebody who is in constant watch over the corpse.

The second day after dead, the body is placed right on the floor with nothing to hold it up except a few boards. And the nuns and priests would continue their strange and weird chanting all through the day. Sometimes the liquid from the dead body would come out and drip all over the floor, and managed by one way or the other to go down into the outside well, where the people get their water. This liquid is very poisonous and when the people draw water out of the well, they have to throw bars of iron and tin into the water before it is fit for human consumption.

The third day is the day for the funeral, although sometimes a good







day is selected and the funeral detained to wait for that day to come. On the day of the funeral, all the people going to the burial must dress in white, although in talking to one person, we understand that the old women dress themselves in black, and the younger ones dress themselves in white, but another person stated that everyone dress up in white regardless of age.

The body is dressed up in many layers of clothes, sometimes of fine quality. The body is placed into the wooden coffin and the lid is tightly nailed and then ropes are tied around the coffin. Four coolies are hired to carry the body up to the distant hill, but these coolies do not necessarily have to dress themselves up in white, they can wear any color clothes they wish.

Only married persons, and persons who have family could have four coolies to carry their corpse to the resting place. When children or babies die, they are carried away by two coolies.

Then everyone in the town who is to march up to the hills where the corpse is to be buried, and for those who do not walk, sedan chairs are hired and the ladies and women would ride in them and weep their heads off. They would make their weepings loud and lusty, so that those who watch from the streets could hear it, and thus comment on how faithful she is, and what a good woman she is.

Then in the midst of loud weeping and screeching of instruments, the funeral would go onward towards the resting place of the departed.

Now in going towards the hills the procession would usually have to cross some small streams, and when they come to them, the people in charge of the funeral would dip a piece of white cloth into the river and then wring it dry, not completely dry, and then he would take this cloth and hold it a few feet away from the coffin, and wave it this way and that.

Then the procession would go on. Then when the whole group reach the





burial ground, and then coffin is laid down into the hole in the earth, the matter is not settled. Sometimes some pieces of money are thrown down into the hole and anyone could pick them up. Then for many days after this, usually a month, the members of the family would have to sit on the floor to eat, and none could sit at the table. After the sufficient amount of days have been passed, then this odd custom is done away with.

When the body is buried on the ground, there is no tombstone or anything. This is usually put in afterwards.

Every morning the daughter-in-law would have to weep and wail for the departed one and show her felicity and obedience. She is the one who weeps the loudest and wails the strongest.

When there is a death in the house the color of red is strictly prohibited and no one is allowed to wear it. They could wear blue, and any dull dark colors, and no jewelry is allowed, now silks and expensive clothes. And every year during the Festival for the Dead in the month of March, the friends would journey up the mountainside and observe the occasion.

And this then is the way a Chinaman in ~~China~~ kicks the bucket in dear old China.

In America a death is nothing compared to China.

Almost every single thing done in China is not done here. There are no nuns, no priests, no putting the corpse in the house for many days, no peculiar chanting and wailing, although some old Chinese woman would chant strange songs for hours at a time.

There are no white clothes, but a lot of black ones.

Usually the friends would buy flowers and give donations to the family of the departed. And in the day of the funeral, usually a picture of the dead person is carried through the street, and the members of the family, all dressed in black would follow behind the coffin. The coffin is carried by six or four persons. The procession usually goes through some of the





important streets of the city, and then everyone would ride up to the cemetery, and attend the funeral services. Those who are rich and can afford to spend money have an orchestra hired for the occasion, otherwise there is no orchestra.

The funeral is taken care of exactly in the western manner, but still sometimes a trace of Chinese custom would creep in such as giving brown sugar with a dime in white paper. But those Chinese who are very modern behave and act exactly in western manner, and they do nothing with even a slight trace of Chinese influence in it.

Usually when children die, there are no services or customs that are followed. The dead children are buried and that is that.

We forgot to mention one thing. The Chinese always make paper things, such as clothes and slippers, and coats, and they burn them to the departed one so that when they die the body would not be bare. Even in America this is done too, as mothers and friends would go to the graves usually of children and burn papers stockings, coats and shoes to the dead one.

I guess the only way to avoid all this fuss and trouble is not to kick the bucket, and live on and on and on.



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Happy New Year

Jon Lee  
Oakland

New Year is just around the corner, (they said that about prosperity too, but they are still looking for the corner) and this seems an appropriate time to write about it. We are happy to announce that the New Year's celebration by the Chinese is much more simplified in recent years, although many who love the elaborate and painstaking fuss of former years might be disappointed in the quietness and calmness of the holidays.

It is very evident to the observer that the Chinese New Year has lost much of its Oriental glamour, its fanciful and weird customs, and its very typical Chinese atmosphere, which always manage to puzzle this Occidental world. However, on the other hand, the celebrations are more simple, and much of the former minute details are completely done away with.

This change is a very gradual one, beginning back many years, and slowly but continuously changing until today, in some respects, a very modern manner has set in; while, at the same time, in many other households, the old and traditional customs are strictly upheld. Still, in some other households the New Year's celebration is not even observed at all, and the people do not care.

New Year is always an important holiday to every nation. It is a day when everyone looks forward to something better, a day in which all rivalry and jealousy are supposed to be things of the past. And as I have been told, much as I dislike believing it, certain people in the interior of China take a bath the day before the New Year, the one and only one, until the next year rolls along.

The important thing is that the New Year has changed quite considerable. And we can say quite definitely that many years from now, the way of celebration will be different, of course, the main traits and outline will be the same, but undoubtedly many new and different manners and ways of celebrating will creep in unconsciously.





We have written about the New Year before, but we have only touched the surface of it, and hastily skimmed over the important parts of it. Now we give a little more detail.

Now let us turn back the clock, and imagine ourselves as being members of a Chinese family, let us say one of about ten years ago.

We are to see how a holiday is to be celebrated.

New Year is just a few days off, and everyone in the city is excited. The children are eagerly looking forward to the day when they will receive money wrapped in red paper. The mothers of the family are busily digging into their small trunks to get out the long silken robes, which they are to wear on the first day, after discarding their old black pants and jackets. New Year's excitement is in the air, in the way the people talk, in their eyes and faces. And perhaps all along the street corners the old man who sells lily bulbs is putting his wares on the sidewalks, the single layer, and the double layer lilies.

The stores are doing big business. Red and black melon seeds are easily and quickly disposed of. Lichee nuts, melon candy, and dried cocoanut candy are readily purchased by the busy housewives. The New Year is coming quickly and time is very valuable.

New Year's eve is considered one of the most important days of the New Year, important because it is the very last day of the old year, and the introduction to the new. On that day the housewives will be busily wrapping quarters and fifty cent pieces in red paper, which are later to be distributed to the children of their numerous friends. And the men folks probably went to the bank the day before, and took out all the elaborate jewels and rings, and pearl necklaces which are to adorn the lovely necks of the women, provided of course, that the high neck of the long Chinese robes does not hide the neck from view.





One of the things that the women folks enjoy doing is making Chinese fancy dough cakes. More than once it is said that the one who fails to make them nice and pretty on New Year's eve will probably have a very bad year ahead of her. So the housewives usually take a great deal of care and see that the cooking for that day does not burn, especially the rice, and they see that everything runs smoothly so that the year can be ushered in with good and cheerful mood. There are housewives who will worry their heads off, because either on the eve or on the first day something has gone wrong. Sometimes it is a trifle thing of no important consequence, but during the time of New Year beware to the one who does anything to offend one of these superstitious old women. Manners are most important during these trying days. Friends who usually are jolly and chummy together will sit down more or less like strangers trying to act in a dignified manner quite foreign to them.

But why all this formal and dignified acting? As far as I am able to find out it seems to be this.

Everything has a beginning. Every celebration and holiday is started by something. So is the New Year. According to a woman with whom I had quite a talk, the New Year seems to have its beginning way way back long ago. And the beginning, which undoubtedly has its beginning somewhere else, all can be explained in one word, superstition.

The first day of the New Year is a day when all the evils of the world, of the heavens, of hell, are supposed to come out and invade the world. Everything that is connected with the wicked and evil is supposed to have full sway that day. Now in order to combat this invisible army, the Chinese set the day aside as one of importance, and everyone should have a good word for his friends and enemies so that the devils and ghosts may not dominate them. But how do the people go about this?





They greet each other, and wish each other good luck for the coming year, and hope that prosperity and fortune will come to each one. And they have celebrations to proclaim the defeat of the evil, and to announce the triumph of the good. And down through the long ages of history, a custom has been to give money to each other, money all wrapped up in red or gold paper. Good luck slogans and everything imaginable thing connected even remotely with good luck is taken into serious consideration, such as the eating of "jide", the offerings donated to the good luck Goddess, the burning of incense on floors of every single room, and every single doorway.

To those who do believe in these strange, but fascinating customs, and this is very rare in China, it simply means that the party concerned does not believe in ghosts and the legends brought down through the ages.

But the New Year does not end here. It goes on for days and days afterward. After the invasion of the unearthly ghosts has been successfully repulsed, and it always is, then the real celebration starts. There will be feasting, and merriment that last, at the very least, a week.

In China no one may go out of his house to visit friends until he officially opens the New Year. This is usually done by offering food and wine to the Gods and doing all the necessary things he is supposed to do, such as eating "jide" shooting off firecrackers, and wrapping money in red good luck paper. Then and only then are they free to go out to visit their friends and exchange greetings with each other.

New Year's eve, according to this woman, is quite an important day. The woman lock themselves in the kitchen and make dough cakes. And not matter how badly they make them, they are not supposed to say so, for by saying so, she would automatically bring bad luck upon the whole group of women. If during this time, someone should come in, and at the precise moment one of the "gin dur" should explode like an Italian shell on Ethiopian's earth, then that too is a





sign of bad luck. Usually the group of women <sup>are</sup> ~~is~~ easily silent and refrain from speaking if they can help it. And even if they should speak, they should only say the good things and mention nothing that is not good or is of ill omen.

Of course, scarlet red is the lucky color of the Chinese, and during all good holidays, the mothers dress their little darlings in dazzling color of such brilliance, that my art teacher would scream her head off, if she should see them.

There is a great deal of entertaining, parties, and huge and elaborate celebrations.

Now another important thing that they do in China is to make fancy cakes, huge puddings to put away until the proper day to eat them, which time they are probably ruined and do not taste one tenth as well as they would if eaten when freshly done. But it is the custom, and the people follow it almost rigidly, even if the stomach does not agree favorable. One of the most important things made is the brown sugar pudding. This is usually done by the housewives themselves on New Year's eve, or perhaps a few days before. After it is finished, a piece of money, wrapped in red paper, is put on top, yes, for good luck. And this pudding is laid on the table and not eaten until the seventh day of the year, the Birthday of Man.

The seventh day is another important day. It is known as the Birthday of Men. On that day, the people of the whole world are supposed to get together to celebrate the event as one big holiday. They celebrate the triumphant march of the good, and the defeat of the evil. Officially, the New Year ends on the seventh day, but some people celebrate until the fifteenth, which is known as the Double New Year. In America this Double New Year is almost unheard of, it is not as important as the New Year.

No one is to eat fish during the eve of this first day, or anything





connected with the fish, or anything that smells like it. It is a sign of bad luck, as you probably guessed.

Then the mothers will buy red and green things that are fried, and these they put on the table for a few days to a week.

Now the Chinese people are divided into clans, and each clan is divided in something else, and each and everyone has its own variations of celebrating the year. These variations are very slight, and are not worth putting down.

Every day of the New Year has a name. The first day is called the Birthday of the Chicken, the second day, the Birthday of the Lamb, the Birthday of the Cow, the Birthday of the Horse, (did I hear a laugh?), the Birthday of Men. Those are the seven important days. Wait, there are three more, the Birthday of the Soldier, or rather the Birthday of Wheat, which comes before the Birthday of Soldier, and finally the Birthday of the Robber.

Well, this sounds something like the Dionne's household.

Don't ask us why or the reason for all these names and things. The people who told this to us do not know themselves, so how could we? So there you are, to take it or leave it.

The very superstitious families do not sweep the floors for one whole week. The more dirt and melon seeds on the floor, the more prosperity it means to the household.

But those who are not so particular sweep their floors every other day, or every other two days. And another indication that foretells whether one will have good luck or bad is the Chinese lilies. If the flowers do not sprout, or if the bulb manages to bloom but very feebly, it means that one will not have very good luck for the coming year.

Many things happen in the New Year. Old acquaintances are renewed. Usually people who are busy go to see each other only once a year. They do it every year with great regularity.



Of course, there is the usual exchanging of cooked foods. One woman will bring some of her dough cakes to another, and she in turn will bring back some of her own. (We have to admire her courage anyway.) And so it goes.

In the more superstitious families, the mother usually goes to an old fortune telling woman to have fortunes told of the whole family, about their health, their fortunes, and their chances of going back to the old country. And it is surprising how much they believe in such things.

And a New Year is not complete without firecrackers, noise, and all that goes with it, which is plenty, as Mae West would say it.

The grand finale of the year is the seventh day. And one of the important sights of the Birthday of Men is the dragon parade. Somehow or another, the dragon seems to be a symbol connected with the celebrations, therefore, it is only natural to see the dragon on the Birthday of Men.

It is considered good luck to have the dragon visit the house or store. It is supposed to bring luck and prosperity. People who had suffered bad luck, and stores that did not do too well, welcome the dragons with open arms.

The way they go about this is like this.

First take a lettuce, (don't bother about washing it), and tie the lettuce to a string. Finished? All right, now get a nail, it doesn't matter if it is a bit rusty, and nail it about one foot away from the top of the front door. Now get a nail, it doesn't matter if it is a bit rusty, and nail it about one foot away from the top of the front door. Now hang the lettuce there and get off from your stool and go into your room and get a dollar bill, although a two, five, or ten are not forbidden and wrap that in red paper. Now hang that small paper right beneath the lettuce, and wait for the good luck dragon to come. Meanwhile while waiting, you can go into the kitchen and cook your rice, or anything you happen to be doing. Now when you hear firecrackers sputtering and exploding, hurry outside. You will see a man doing a hula shimmy underneath a maze of ornaments and firecrackers exploding near his feet.





Your heart will perhaps take a leap, as you realize that the dragon is knocking at your door. The sounds of gongs and the screeching of some musical instruments will come near and stop right at your very door. The men under the dragon will open the mouth of the dragon and chew off the lettuce, money and all, especially the money part, and then make three deep bows. Meanwhile you are just enthralled with it all, realizing that good luck has come into your household at last. You light a package of firecrackers and let 'em have it.

Then a man will come up and give you a red card, thanking you for your generous donation.

You receive his card with thanks and you are greatly encouraged, and your heart is light, facing a year of luck and prosperity. And as the year goes on, and the luck and prosperity do not come, perhaps you will wonder to yourself, whether it was the dragon that came to the door, or a wolf in sheep-skin. And you are glad that you only hung up a dollar instead of five. And this is all there is to it.

The New Year is over, and you go about your daily duties, just as before, year after year, day after day, and soon another year will roll around, and you do the same thing over again.

Enough of the New Year now.

Well, we have about exhausted everything there is to tell, and besides this typewriter's ribbon is running out on me.

Perhaps this might not be a happy year, but we must say it is an exciting one, eh what?





Either the Chinese don't care or else they are simply ignorant of the history of China. Time and time again when we ask with infantile curiosity, "Can you tell us something about the holidays?" we get the answer, "Well, I can't tell you very much." They will say something about this and that and that is all they can say.

"You have to go to the old people to get anything," they will say. So in a desperate attempt to educate myself, I finally went to the old Chinese teacher with the hope that perhaps he could tell me something. I must admit that more or less the talk was quite disappointing, as I hardly had a chance to talk at all.

So on a certain day I humbly rang his doorbell, and fortunately he was at home.

"Are you very busy?" I said to him.

"No, what can I do for you?"

So I hastily explained to him that I wished to know something about the holidays of my own country, and find out the difference between the celebrations in the old country and those over here. The first thing that he did was to go to the closet and bring out three volumes of thick books, which were thickly covered with dust and cobwebs.

"I've forgotten some of the dates myself," he said, and he began to turn the pages, squinting his near-sighted eyes. "Americans are very particular about dates," he continued, "and if they ask you to explain, look where you will be if you cannot explain them."

I sat down on a stool, waiting for him. After exactly fifteen minutes, fifteen long minutes in which the teacher's eyes romped here and there, he finally went back to his seat and picked up his brush and wrote down a series of dates.



He mentioned something about the year, 2,205, the year, 1911 and many things with the old calendar and the new. I told him that I did not wish to know about dates, but about customs and traditions, but he paid no attention to me. Then some more looking into books, and some more writing, and after an hour and a half he gave me a piece of paper which contained some dates, and a little explanation of the holidays. He didn't have anymore time, so I finally left him, deciding to take a course on Einstein's Theory of Relativity, after the confused explanations of dates and calendars.

All I got was a piece of paper and a few dates, and a sentence or two telling about them. That was not enough to write about, so I began to ask everyone who would listen to me to tell me something. And finally, after some information here and a little there, I got enough to write something about the Festival of the Dead.

In China in the little villages and hamlets when a person dies, there is usually an elaborate funeral, and a great deal of fuss and bother always accompany it. With those who are rich and can afford it, the funeral is so expensive and fancy that a great deal of money and richness is connected with it.

Even if a person is poor, he will have a funeral, but on a much smaller scale, but nevertheless all the confusion and sadness will be prominent.

When a person dies, he is not buried immediately. He is laid down on the wooden floor for three whole days for all to see and observe. And from the towns the priests and nuns come and chant around the dead body for days at a stretch. Their wailings and plaintive sobs will fill the whole atmosphere of the house. All this time the members of the family will cry and cry and perhaps join in the chanting with the dreary procession of priests. After the days pass by, the body is put into a plain wooden coffin and carried across





to the hills where it is buried.

Then for a period of years or months, depending greatly upon the section of the country, the members of the family refrain from wearing jewelry, and the woman will not wear silk for a number of years.

Of course after the proper amount of years has gone by, then it is right to do anything one wishes.

Now in China in almost every single hill one comes across, one is liable to stumble into a cemetery. In these cemeteries lie the bones of generations of people. On top of this crude earth strange ceremonies have taken place. Mothers have come to weep for their departed children, lovers to weep for their lost dreams. Now it is only proper to set aside a certain day when the whole group of people proclaim the day as a holiday. But in China there is no definite date. The rich who has the money celebrates earlier than the poor. But no matter when they celebrate, they celebrate it in the same month.

In villages and places where the population is but a few hundred, the whole group celebrate together. First a definite date is settled and everyone who wishes to take the excursion to the open air temple usually goes to the general store of the town and donates his share of money for buying meat. Now in the little towns and villages meat is not a thing that one can get everyday. So for an important holiday like the Festival for the Dead, it is absolutely necessary that every one who wishes to join in the celebration should donate his share. The man at the store will put his name on the paper and how much he donates.

When the day for the Festival of the Dead arrives, all those who are to make the excursion get up early and prepare for it. A few roast pigs are ready for this day and these are carried to the open air temple which is usually two or three miles away. Now everyone, young and old will walk the whole way, but those who can afford transportation will ride there. And the people will





bring rice along, besides tea, and cups and chopsticks and all the necessary articles that are demanded for the day.

Usually the open air cave is built of cheap clay, like a deep tavern. And the hord of people will go up there and light their punks and candles and say prayers to the already departed. Then the raost pig is carefully weighed and divided in equal parts to all those who have a share in the paying of it. Then the mothers, or fathers will pour out three cups of tea and put them down on the ground, light incense and golden papers. After that they would drop a little tea from each one of the cups and let it drop down on the ground, trying as exactly as possible to make a straight line with the dripping tea. After that they feast and eat the meals right on the cemetary's ground. Those who did not pay a share of the money for the pig usually have nothing unless one of the kind neighbors give some to hi. Otherwise he must be content just to be with nothing. After eating and feasting they whole group will trad homeward and bring back whatever they can. Of course, the candles and incense they leave at the grave. And sometimes a little food the, will leave there. Now when the group of peopl. come home they will feast again too. And whatever leftovers they have they will leave out of doors for the beggars who will come and get it in the morning. And thus the holiday is celebrated.

But do we have anything like this over here in America? Yes, but minus much much of the elaborate detail. Fortunately no dead body is allowed to be left in the house for three days (Thank Goodness!)

Over there in America no matter how rigidly the Chinese believe in the old customs, we can say quite convincingly that when a person dies, much of the wailing and chanting is left out. But on the other hand, I remember from my old experience that when a person died, the mother in the family would start to sing a song, weird and eerie fr m the moment the erson died till someone either





stopped her or when she got so exhausted she had to stop herself.

This weird chanting will last at the very least two hours or more, but some lasts all through the day. It will throw shuddering into the hearts of hearers just to hear it. It is like a long song, that goes on forever and forever, like the regular beat of a tom tom drum. Listening for only a few minutes a sort of melancholy and despair will creep over to the listener and he will try to go far away to somewhere to avoid it, but no matter how far he goes, he will seem to hear that rhythm, the wailing drumming into his head. A most strange experience for anyone who has been through it.

Of course, not everyone does this. Only those old women of China, even though they might be modernized to a great degree, do it unconsciously.

Now to skip back to the old country for a minute. We got this information from a man about the ways of celebration of the Festival of the Dead in his particular village.

First we must explain something about the Chinese calendar, not that we think we will be able to do it clearly, but we can try. In Chinese time, there are two distinct calendars known as the New Calendar and the Old Calendar. The Old Calendar has been in use since time immortal, and after China became a republic a new calendar was made. Although the Old Calendar is completely done away with officially, nevertheless the people follow it and celebrate the holidays according to it.

The Old Calendar is a very difficult thing to explain. And the holidays do not come on regular days as in American history. For instance you take the holiday, Chinese Christmas, and as I have told you it comes according to a certain amount of days after a certain holiday, and the Festival of the Dead comes exactly one hundred and sixty days after Chinese Christmas. But in some years there are thirteen months on the Chinese calendar, and in other years there are only twelve, so that no definite date could be set for certain holidays.





Most of the holidays are connected with one another somehow, and the date for the celebration of a holiday is determined by the date of the previous holiday. There are certain holidays that have definite dates, and some that have no definite date, such as the Festival of the Dead, although it always comes on the month of March.

But to go back to the man who describes the celebration in his village.

First, he explains, is to determine how many people of the village wish to go. Anyone under sixteen is ineligible to make the excursion to the temple. Then the whole group of people is divided into six or seven small groups. From this six or seven small groups are chosen two persons, and they are the two who take care of all the arrangement, the food, the amount of money to spend, and all necessary details. Now these two men have grandfathers who died many years ago, and the land that he left is rented out to tenant. And every year on the day of the Festival of the Dead the two who are selected, go around to their father's or grandfather's land and gather a certain amount of money from each tenant. All the money is to be used for the celebration. On the day of the festival, everything will be ready and the journey up the mountains will start.

There is the usual praying, the lighting of candles and the burning of papers.

Then everyone will sit down on the ground and eat rice, drink tea. In case there is anything left over, the people will bring it back and leave it outside the house, so that the beggars can come to get it. Now those two men who pay for the celebration may not ever go and celebrate again until every single one of that group who has gone with him has had a chance to pay for one of these excursions. It would take a period of many years for these two men to ever be able to go up again.





This is only one way in which the holiday is celebrated. Doubtless there are many other different varieties and ways, all depending on the clan, and different sections of the country.

In America much of this is left out. Although there are six big clans that follow the celebration, minus much of the fuss and bother.

Most of the Chinese visit the grave of the dead ones, on their day of death, or their birthday. Some only go on American Armistice day, and they make the trip once a year. Many ~~may~~ do not follow the Chinese calendar at all. They either go on Armistice day or on the day in which the person dies. Those who are superstitious make paper clothes of shoes, stockings, dresses, and they burn them on the grave of the departed one. And they bring cups and bowls and fill them with rice and tea, and they burn incense, also lay flowers on the tombstone.

Those who are thoroughly modern only bring flowers and visit the grave of the lost one. They have sort of celebration.

Although many have a picture of the dead person in the house, and every evening they would burn a glass of oil all through the night. And near the picture they would make a little shelf, and on this shelf there would be placed in plentiful quantity flowers, fresh fruits, and incense. And every single day of the year a bright glow of oil burning in front of the pictures. Most people have only the picture and no sort of custom which they follow.

I heard in one case that when a person dies in China, his picture is taken down and hidden away forever, and no one would ever get a chance to see it. Fortunately in America nothing like this happens or ever will.

It all goes back to this. In China the elaborate celebration is prominent and still is and will be. In America the celebration is very plain, and not in the very near future probably would be done away with. By that I mean that instead of having a Festival of the Dead, the Chinese people will only visit



the grave once a year either on Armistice Day, or whenever they wish it.

The future generation of Chinese will, when visiting the graves, find very little excitement and perhaps wonder at the still elaborate and fancy customs of the forever sleeping villages of the old country.

Meanwhile we should be happy that we are alive.





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Meanwhile we should be happy that we are alive.

Marriage to the Chinese is a very important thing, not something for a thrill to end up in the divorce halls of Reno. When a Chinese <sup>man</sup> ~~person~~ enters into ~~the~~ marriage ~~game~~, he goes with the understanding that the marriage <sup>is to</sup> ~~will~~ be permanent, and he looks upon it as a part of his life, identifies it <sup>(with all)</sup> ~~with his all-consuming desire~~ his hopes, and ~~is anxious~~ to raise a family and have a home.

The woman looks upon marriage as something important too. It is

10



In some fashion

her duty to take care of the home, and care for her children. ~~Somehow~~ <sup>(works out)</sup> <sup>(The marriage remains)</sup>  
or ~~the~~ other the marriage of a Chinese couple ~~manages~~ <sup>being blown</sup> very well, ~~to keep~~  
~~usually~~ intact <sup>and</sup> complete, instead of ~~being everything blown~~ into the  
<sup>(within a short time)</sup> four winds. Of course, there are divorces and separation<sup>s</sup>, but on the  
whole, a very big percentage of the marriages remain ~~complete~~ <sup>permanent</sup>. And  
strangely enough, very few Chinese widows remarry if they have the chance.  
They seem to be satisfied with life as it is, and the death of their  
husbands is ~~something~~ <sup>simply a part</sup> of life, <sup>about which nothing can be done</sup>, ~~something that can't be helped~~. They do  
<sup>(seem to)</sup> not care to take ~~to~~ <sup>with</sup> another mate, but remain content just to live  
<sup>with</sup> on the memory of their ~~husbands~~ <sup>dead husband</sup>.

The same can be said for the men too. They will remain single just  
like the women. It is hard to define the reason why; it's <sup>(is)</sup> just one of  
those elusive things that just happens. <sup>(in life)</sup>  
<sup>(The older)</sup> Chinese people have big families, ~~because~~ <sup>(and the reason seems to be that)</sup> Chinese always have big  
families. But the modern Chinese have smaller families. And it's <sup>(is)</sup> a good  
thing too. The Chinese people don't make much money, and with ~~less~~ <sup>fewer</sup>  
in the family, they ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> manage much better than if they have <sup>d</sup> many  
children. The average number in a Chinese family over here is around  
six or seven.

<sup>Now</sup> ~~And~~ unless we are terribly mistaken, ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> marriage couple <sup>(here)</sup> will have  
fewer children than <sup>(did)</sup> their parents. But back in China in the old  
villages, the children ~~would~~ come as regularly as the seasons, one after  
another, so you can ~~very~~ <sup>(then)</sup> readily see why there are four hundred million  
Chinese in China. And floods and wars and sickness <sup>as</sup> ~~don't~~ seem to make any  
difference at all in the final count.

When a Chinese couple <sup>(is to)</sup> get married even in this modern age and here in  
America, the affair is <sup>(nevertheless)</sup> one that is very complicated and troublesome  
despite the very apparent fact that ~~much~~ <sup>many</sup> of the details are left out.  
<sup>(Let me begin by saying that)</sup> Some old Chinese women only know two things. Who is going to be married,

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862.

2. The second part is a report from the Secretary of the Treasury, dated January 10, 1862.

3. The third part is a report from the Secretary of the Interior, dated January 10, 1862.

4. The fourth part is a report from the Secretary of the Navy, dated January 10, 1862.

5. The fifth part is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 10, 1862.

6. The sixth part is a report from the Secretary of the State, dated January 10, 1862.

7. The seventh part is a report from the Secretary of the Army, dated January 10, 1862.

8. The eighth part is a report from the Secretary of the Navy, dated January 10, 1862.

9. The ninth part is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 10, 1862.

10. The tenth part is a report from the Secretary of the State, dated January 10, 1862.



and who is expecting <sup>a child</sup> ~~the~~ ~~stork~~. They know the exact date <sup>on which</sup> ~~as to what~~ ~~date~~ <sup>given</sup> a ~~certain~~ person's birthday falls on, and on what day so and so got married. They <sup>also</sup> ~~are the persons who~~ know <sup>(in detail)</sup> the latest gossip and news. And when a person dies or decides <sup>(of entering)</sup> to get the notion ~~conspicuous~~ San Quentin, <sup>(this is my cynical)</sup> ~~any~~ Chinese teacher's definition of one who decides to get <sup>married</sup> ~~back~~ up) you can be sure that one of these old dry looking women will be the first to know about it. Somehow or the other they seem to know.

A Chinese marriage is always something to remember, something that will always linger in a person's memory, whether it <sup>(takes place)</sup> ~~be~~ ~~in~~ in China or over here in America. I guess, it is because the Chinese have always looked upon marriage as something important. And in almost every single marriage <sup>(I have noticed)</sup> there is always trouble between the family of the man and the <sup>woman</sup> family of the ~~girl~~. If it isn't this, ~~then~~ it's that. But they <sup>(always seem to)</sup> ~~will~~ find something to argue about, ~~believe me~~. <sup>Here in America,</sup> ~~A~~ <sup>represent</sup> great percentage of the marriages ~~over here is~~ a combination of <sup>(the)</sup> the old and ~~new~~. That is, the Chinese combined <sup>(of the customs)</sup> oriental and occidental customs with the greater percentage ~~leaning~~ toward the oriental side. Of course this ~~does not~~ take in exceptional cases like the one that happened <sup>ed</sup> quite recently in which two brothers went to the house of the young girl and eloped ~~away~~. The Chinese mother was so astounded she ~~did not~~ know what to say. One of the brothers was in the car getting the motor ready to start while the other went up to the house to claim his future bride. The two rushed right out the front door. In his excitement the boy dropped a suitcase right on the feet of the girl's mother and crushed her toes so badly that <sup>they</sup> ~~it~~ bled quite badly. The mother threatened to hang herself, and for many days the friends and relatives had to go to the house of the mother to watch her and see that she did not carry out her act. ~~This is really one of the juiciest bit of gossip we have heard in a long time~~

Although the Chinese people over here have dropped quite a few of





the old customs, some new ones have crept in which aren't quite  
 Chinese or <sup>(for that matter)</sup> quite western. Generally speaking, before a girl marries a  
 boy, ~~there~~ <sup>it</sup> is usually arranged, between the parents of the two parties,  
<sup>(that)</sup> a certain amount of money ~~to~~ be paid over to the bride's mother. This  
 could <sup>vary</sup> ~~be~~ from three or four hundred up to two thousand dollars. In some  
 families where both parties are poor, this pay<sup>ment</sup> of money is left out,  
 but the bride's mother will insist <sup>(in any case,)</sup> <sup>(upon the number of)</sup> of how many cakes and cookies the  
 boy's side should donate. <sup>(Indeed they will likewise stipulate upon</sup>  
~~and also~~ how many tables they ~~should~~ pay for <sup>are</sup>  
 in the party following the marriage.

To put the whole thing in a nutshell, a marriage between a couple  
 here is very much like a business proposition. <sup>(naturally)</sup> ~~And~~ no one ~~would~~ like to  
 see the other get the best of the bargain. <sup>And so it is that</sup> ~~As has happened~~ <sup>in case after case</sup> ~~in case after case~~ <sup>depending upon whether</sup> the boy's or the girl's side <sup>(is supposed to have obtained)</sup> ~~get~~ the most for their  
 money, there <sup>(usually)</sup> is a big quarrel between the two <sup>(families)</sup> concerned, and the  
 whole town and city <sup>(ensuing)</sup> ~~would~~ join in the discussion as to what should have  
 been done, when it should be done, and who takes advantage of whom. And  
 usually for days after a marriage in the city, the talk will still be <sup>buzzing</sup>  
<sup>(about everywhere. It lingers on for a long time before)</sup> ~~prominent and will linger for a long time~~ it eventually ~~may~~ <sup>dies down.</sup>

Very frequently <sup>(in fact,)</sup> after a marriage, there is a sort of strained feeling  
 between the bride's and groom's parents. <sup>(of course)</sup> ~~But~~ They always make up <sup>(after a while)</sup> ~~something.~~

And we <sup>might add</sup> ~~can say~~ too that a Chinese mother-in-law is not poison and  
 something to drown in the lake. There just doesn't exist <sup>or</sup> any feeling ~~at~~  
 misunderstanding <sup>that would lead to such attitudes.</sup> ~~of that sort.~~

<sup>(after these general remarks,)</sup> But let us go back to the land of lily-feet for awhile and see the  
 elaborate and magnificent marriage ceremony.

<sup>(always)</sup> In China the parents have the last word in a marriage. They have  
 more authority than the persons who are going to be married. If any of  
 the parents disapprove of a young man or woman, then that person is  
 practically doomed so far as his chances of getting married to <sup>the particular</sup> ~~uncertain~~



*[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a multi-paragraph document, possibly a letter or a report, with several lines of text visible across the page.]*



(in question)

person. In many many cases people are married without any knowledge as to whom their partners are going to be. Usually these people go through with their marriage whether they like it or not. They have to like it.

In special cases the parents betroth their children long before they are born, sort of counting their chickens before they are hatched. But that's China for you, land of mystery.

In these modern times we think the children have a great deal to say about it, and perhaps they themselves will have a last word to utter, but the parents somehow remain to be the real deciding factor in a marriage. The boy's parents must approve of the girl, and the girl's parents must approve of the boy. And last and very least, the boy and girl approve of the parents' choice. Dear. Dear.

In China the practice of giving over a certain amount of money over to the bride's parents is not as widely held to as over here in America. The more important thing is to let the boy's side donate a certain number of cakes and cookies as an engagement present. The practice of wearing a ring is very rare, as usually the boy would give a golden bracelet to the girl. The engagement could last from a few months to a year or more.

The date of marriage usually come on a good luck day, and this day is selected from the good luck book, so that the marriage would be a very prosperous one. After the day is selected, the plans for the ceremony are arranged, and details made clear. Three or four days before the marriage is to occurred, the friends and girl companions of the bride to be gather together in the house of the future bride and play games and mah jong all through the night, and during this time no one would go to bed.

It is a sort of last reunion of the girl, a last chance before the girl is to become a woman. Then the girls would all join together in singing songs, and then they would cry together and sing songs back to



each other.

All this time the games and gambling will go on until way into the morning. Nobody sleeps during this time. And when the time for the departure comes, tears would come as thick as running water.

The marriage day is one of great excitement. The sedan chair will come to take the lovely bride away to her husband's home. This is the day in which the cookies and cakes will arrive in great quantity. After these cakes and cookies arrive, they are passed out to friends and some are eaten right at the house, and other are offered to Gods and Goddess in prayer.

There are three different days in which the groom should donate cakes and cookies to the girl's family. First, on the day of engagement; second, on the day the bride is to go over to her husband's house; third, on the third day after marriage. The amount of cakes and cookies are determined ahead of time. And when they arrive every single piece is counted out to see if the right amount is there. Many women have talked and argued just because the boy fails to bring the exact amount that he promises. You can rest assured that the girl's mother would count every single piece of cakes or cookies. They just would not be cheated.

Before the bride gets into the sedan chair, an old woman takes care of her hair, arranging and making it ready. During this time the old woman and the girl would be chanting and singing songs back and forth to each other. The songs all have a story and the ones that they sing will all deal with something good, of luck and fortune, no sadness. After the hair is finished, the girl is dressed up in either blue or black cotton cloth, no silks or dazzling color, the rule is that the bride-to-be must be dressed in color of an obscure tone.

Then the girl would covered her face up, and the old woman would carry her out with the girl on back doing a buggy ride. Outside the sedan





chair would be waiting, and four men standing at the side waiting to carry the girl to her future home. After the girl gets into the sedan chair, she looks at no one, since the chair is all covered up. Sometimes firecrackers are shot off and the four men would carry the girl away to her home.

The girl does not go over to the husband's house until late in the afternoon, or sometimes in the evening. In the morning before she is to go to her future house, all the presents and furniture donated by the friends are carried over to the house. Every single present is opened so that anyone who wishes to see it could see for themselves how much the girl has. All these presents are carried by men through the town like a parade and shown to all. Sometimes in the rich homes a band is hired, and many men in horse's back would be near the front of the procession leading the way. If the girl has many presents, the men would have to make two or three trips to the house before all of the gifts are moved out. The poor people do the same thing, only in a much smaller scale. The people would all stand in the streets and watch the procession go by.

When the sedan chair reaches the home of the husband, another old woman comes forth and carries the bride in. Sometimes an umbrella is used to escort them in. When the bride reaches her room, she will discard her blue or dark clothes and dress herself in bright colors. Then she will come out and bow to everyone who assembles there to see her. Then she will get down on her knees and pour tea to the boy's parents and to the guests. The guests would all try to hide, and sometimes it is very hard to make them come out at all.

After all this is over, there is a prayer. And there will be a roast pig in the table. On this first day of the marriage, only the friends of the husband's side are invited. Mostly it is cousins and closely related persons. There would be a sort of preliminary party on this





evening with only the closely related friends and cousins present.

Then there is another party on the second day, an occasion much more important than the previous day. For those who could afford it, the party is celebrated in a restaurant or a hall especially hired for the day. Otherwise the party is held at home. At this party everyone is invited, both from the girl's and boy's side. Usually the husband pays for this feast, sometimes it is arranged how many tables the boy should pay for, and how many the girl should pay for. On this day the bride is dressed up in her most beautiful clothes, changing it many times to show the people present the variety of her wardrobe.

Now the third day after the bride's marriage she is to journey home to her mother's house. This day is very important, and even here in America the day is observed very faithfully.

Early in the morning the husband goes over to the house of his wife's mother. At this time the in-laws would prepare noodles and the husband would eat it. The bride does not come over to the house until in the afternoon.

This day the cookies are again carried to the former house of the girl. They are carried in red boxes, trimmed with fancy decorations and designs, and they would arrive at a certain hour. This day many pigs are roasted, and they are too carried through the town or city so that all might observed. Sometimes there are as many as twenty or thirty roast pigs carried from the husband's house over to the house of the girl's mother. Those who are poor still have the roast pig, but not in such great quantity.

After the pigs arrive, they would be placed on the tables and prayers are offered to the Gods. After that the pigs are cut open and delivered out to the friends. Those who are closely related get a larger portion while those who are distantly related get the smaller portion.



In the huge red boxes instead of cookies and cakes, there would be peanuts, cocoanut candy, and many fried delicacies. These cookies and cakes are cut and passed around to the people who assemble at the house of the bride's mother.

When the bride arrives at the house of her mother, she comes alone, since her husband comes early in the morning. The rule is that the husband and wife should not come together. When the bride comes into the house a sort of hush would come over the household. The bride would have to bow to her parents, and then she and her husband would have to go down on their knees and pour tea to the parents. Then she would give money wrapped in paper to her brothers and sisters, and in some cases, in different sections of the country, the bride is compelled to give money to every single person at her mother's house on the third day.

The cookies and cakes and pork are divided and packed into small packages and then delivered to the friends. Now on this third day there is another party, and at this party only the friends and relatives on the girl's side are invited. This party is given at the bride's former home, and paid for by the bride's parents. Of course chicken and duck are the most important foods, dominating the party. Then there is a plentiful supply of wine and fancy dishes.

Late in the evening the bride goes back to her home with her husband. And then they would live happily ever after, with only trouble when the long legged stork hovers around.

The general formula for a marriage over here is patterned very much to the old rule of China. Only over here in America we do not have the sedan chair, and the presents and things are not paraded around the town or city.

Strange as it might seem, there is such a thing as a go-between, and in every marriage almost, there always is one. This go-between arranges





the introduction between the boy and girl. And the go-between can be a close friend or a cousin, and she can be hired from either the girl's or boy's side. If the marriage is successful, the go-between would be given money wrapped in red paper, from either twenty-five to a hundred dollars or more. It is the duty of the go-between to find a girl or boy suitable to the person who wishes to get married. And she would do her very best, as if the marriage goes through, she gets some money, and she doesn't want to miss it.

The go-between is a very important person.

We'll say that a boy likes a girl very much, and his parents wish to know the girl better. He can't very well say to the girl, "I like to marry you." Here is where the work of the go-between comes in. She would go over to the girl's house and explain everything to the girl's parents. The girl's parents would perhaps arrange a day when the two could get together to discuss everything over. If after seeing the boy, the girl decides he is not the one for her, the matter is dismissed. If she decides in the affirmative, then both the parents of the boy or girl must have their say in whether they approve or not. But here in America, if the boy or girl decide to marry each other, usually there is no objection from the parents, but in families who are strict, the parents have the final word.

All right. After the boy and girl give their approval of each other, and the parents agree, an engagement date is settled. A good luck day is chosen from the old Chinese book. But before this is done, a very long conference is held between the boy's and girl's parents. During this time everything is discussed from money to clothes and jewelry. First the boy's parents would ask how much the girl's side wishes. This is usually done through the go-between. The sum of money paid over to the





girl's parents is from four hundred up to a thousand dollars or more. But in this time of depression, five hundred dollars is a very good sum. In some cases people pay as low as two hundred dollars. People do not pay money in even dollars. If the girl's parents want five hundred dollars, the right thing for the boy to do is to give four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. It is considered bad luck to give an even amount.

Sometimes when both sides decide not to spend any money, being poor or not very well off, the girl's parents would consent to give the girl away for nothing, and there would not be any celebration or cakes and cookies to be donated from the boy. In this way both sides would not have to spend money, and no presents, wedding presents or otherwise, are accepted.

This kind of wedding is very quiet and no sort of celebration is in evidence. Perhaps the two families would get together and have a quiet dinner.

Many comical incidents would occur during the time of marriage. A mother would demand the amount she thinks her daughter ought to bring in. If the man is rich, the mother would ask for more. She would approximately guess at the price. If the boy thinks it is too much probably he would refuse to submit to it. Many a hot and comical error has happened because of the amount of money to be paid over to the girl's mother. The girl's mother would say that it takes more than five hundred dollars to raise her daughter up to her age, and if she accepts the money, it is practically giving the daughter away. The man would point out that there is a depression despite the N. R. A. and daughters don't bring in as much money as they use to. And on and on through the night. But in the end something always is arranged to suit both sides as nearly even as possible.



Some mothers do not ask for any definite amount. They would tell the go-between to inform the boy that he could give any amount that he sees fit. The chances are that he will give much too less, and the mother would secretly give herself a kick in the pants for not naming any definite amount. She would just have to gnaw her teeth, and say nothing. And when the friends and relatives ask how much has the boy donated over, she would probably say an amount much more greater than the actual one, so she would not be duly humiliated.

The engagement day is one chosen from the good luck book. On this day there would be a party at the girl's house. Everyone of her girl companions would be there. The only difference is that the chanting of songs is left out when compared to the way the people do it in the old country. The party is attended only by the friends on the mothers' side. None of the friends and relatives on the boy's side are invited. The cakes and cookies come in red boxes. And sometimes it takes more than thirty or forty of these boxes to accommodate the cakes and cookies. These cookies and cakes are passed around only to the friends of the girl or the mother.

The date of marriage is another day chosen from the good luck book. The day before the marriage is to take place, the go-between would bring the amount of money the mother of the girl asks for. The mother would accept it and give some money to the go-between, usually ten or twenty dollars, for the services she has done.

Many days before the marriage of the girl is to take place the presents would begin to arrive. Blankets, flower vases, comforters, and many other articles, sometimes jewelry too. The names of the donator is kept in a list so as not to be forgotten.

During these few busy days before the girl is to become a bride, the mother would buy many things for her, gold, furniture and numerous clothes.





This is very important, as when the bride goes home, all the friends of the boy would come and look at the presents. If there is not a sufficient amount there, there would be loud rumors and gossip which manages always to travel all over the city. So the girl's mother in trying to avoid gossip and bad talk usually buys her daughter many many things.

In a marriage great sums of money are involved. Sometimes the whole amount of money the mother receives for her daughter is spent back in buying her things, and all the necessary articles. All of the presents and articles are taken over to the house of the husband just before the marriage day.

Many days before the marriage, the boy and girl would practice the ways of walking and acting. The marriage ceremony is done in western style, only Chinese words of spoken, usually by a Chinese priest.

The wedding could take place either in a church, in the home or in the restaurant where the party is to be held right after the wedding. The last seems to be the more frequently followed one.

The bride would wear the bridal western gown, and the wedding march is the song played during the ceremony. After the ceremony, rice are scattered on the bride and company. Then the party would begin. After the ceremony the bride would immediately change into Chinese long robes. And she would change it from time to time during the party. The bride would have a special table with the only closely related from both sides at the table with her. There would be long dull speeches and everyone impatient not put on the feed bag.

The party usually lasts from two to four hours. After the party there is dancing and merriment.

Long before this party is to take place, many days before, it is already arranged as to how many tables the girl's side wishes. This is determined by how many guests are invited. The husband's side would do its own





figuring and thus in this way the total of amount of tables at the party is determined. Now if the girl's parent ordered ten tables, and suppose when the guests arrive the ten tables are not sufficient to seat them all some of the guests could go over to the boy's reserved tables. If those tables too are crowded, then the people would just have to squeeze in.

When the guests leave the husband and wife would stand near the doorway and bid each one goodbye, and shake hands with the man folks. The girl's parents would go back home with many of her friends and at the house the whole group would gather together and play mah jong way through till the morning dawn. Many of the guests from the far away city would stay over at the house until the third day, and many times the husband has to go to the hotel to get a room, so that there would be enough room for the guests.

All of these guests would stay at the house of the mother and wait until the third day, and after this day they would go back to their home, and the mother would heave a sigh of relief that everything is all through.

During these days of waiting, usually the women folks would talk until late in the night about this and that, sometimes talking as late as three or four in the morning.

On the third day after the marriage, the newly-wedded husband would come early in the morning to the house of the mother-in-law. There he would be served noodles. At this early eating, only the father-in-law and the new husband, and perhaps a few other men folks are present. The ladies and girls are not supposed to take part in this occasion.

At a certain hour the cakes and cookies arrive. These are taken out and cut open and served to the guests. Many are put into bags and taken around and given away to the friends.

In the afternoon the bride would arrive. She usually arrives at the



house in an automobile or taxi since there is no sedan chair in America.

Here would be great excitement when she arrives. The guests and friends would all go to the window and peep out to see the bride, even though they know exactly what she looks like. And when the girl enters everybody would be quiet.

The guests at the house would make the girl's parents sit down, and the bride and groom would have to kneel down right in front of them, and they would have to pour tea to the two older folks. And they would have to bow once. After that is done the girl gives away money wrapped in red paper.

When the roast pig arrives, usually there is only one or two, it is cut open and divided in sections. But before that is done, the pig is offered in prayer to the Gods. Then it is cut open by a man especially hired to do it. These small pieces together with some pieces of cookies and half a chicken are put together in a big bag and passed around to the different friends.

Late in the evening a party is held at the house of the bride's mother, and just like in China, only the friends and relatives of the girl's side are invited. The bride and the husband usually go home about ten or eleven in the evening.

The guests that are staying at the girl's mother house would stay till late in the evening, and they would start going home early the next morning.

When the mother finds that the house is empty the next morning she will know how it feels to be lonely, and the house would seem very quiet and dull after the immense celebration and noisy noise of the days before.

After the third day the daughter can come and visit her mother anytime she wishes either alone or with her husband. She would probably find out that after everything is clear, she did not make any money out of the





marriage, since the money she receives is either partly or wholly spent back in the buying of clothes and jewelry and all necessary articles.

We must say that there is such a thing as teasing the wife. After the wife goes back to her husband's house, she becomes the victim of the boy's friends. They would tell her to sing, dance, and do anything they feel like asking. And the new wife would have to do them. That is her part, and this custom is in evidence in every occasion of a wedding.

And thus in this way, and other variations of ways a Chinaman bites the dust, and enters into San Quentin.

Dr. J. C. Smith



where a king dwelled. Generally it was always a girl and a boy. These were supposed to accompany the dead man and take care of him so that he would not be lonely. Parents who needed money desperately sold their children for such purposes.

"Fortunately such things are not permitted today. It was a very cruel thing to do.

"I also remember seeing a ceremony long ago in which so-called ghost-seeing women drove the ghosts away who had been following a certain young woman everywhere she went. This young woman was always seeing strange things and sights that scared her mother to death. So the mother decided to hire some ghost-seeing women to get rid of the ghosts. These women were supposed to be able to have eyes that penetrated the air and that could see a ghost in its actual and true form.

"This woman, as I said, was pursued by ghosts everywhere. The mother had heard about these special ghost-seers and ~~decided to~~ give them a trial. All in the village were ~~terribly excited~~ and crowded around these women to see how they worked. All of us were exceedingly inquisitive and watched them carefully.

"These old women had many nets. They used them for snaring ghosts. We witnessed a sudden struggle between the women and the ghosts. One of the women was badly bitten and there were marks of huge teeth on her back. After the ghosts



had been caught they were put into large empty jars. It took from twelve to fifteen men to carry these jars after they were filled up. They took these jars, covered them up and threw them into the sea.

"After that, the young woman was entirely freed from the pursuit of ghosts, but yet no one wished to marry her because she had once been connected with them."

Mr. Kiang, because he knew these things had happened and because he himself had seen ghosts, believed that they existed everywhere. He never forgot his experiences in that school back in China. But since leaving the school, he has never been bothered by them.

Because of his experiences with ghosts mothers would not let their daughters marry him and people who knew about him would not even allow their daughters to be in his company, which goes to show that darkness still prevails in the minds of many men and women.





## The Banana Ladies

This is what my mother told me--

"Many years ago my father heard about a very clever magician, and this magician could perform the strangest miracles with a banana tree. Many of my father's friends had urged him to go with them to see this strange magician, but he never had time.

"One night, however, he decided that he might just as well go, although he did not believe the strange things that his friends told him the banana-man could do. So they then went to the house of the magician and sat down. There was a banana tree in the room, and the magician mumbled many strange and meaningless words and then, with one slash of his knife, he split open the tree, and out from it there came a beautiful lady, a very beautiful lady, indeed, holding a tray of steaming tea. She came close to my father, and my father took a glass of tea, but was afraid to drink it for fear that there might be something evil in it. But his friends said to him, 'Do not be afraid. We have drunk it many times.' So my father drank the tea and it was so very sweet and tasty that he even drank a second cup of it. Then the lady went back into the tree and came out with





some cookies.

"When my father returned home he told my mother about it. When she heard the whole story she said, 'you were foolish to drink such tea. One never knows what evil may be in it.' But my father paid no attention to her.

"On another occasion my father went there again, and this time there was a huge banana, just a plain banana, not a tree. This time the magician sliced the banana in half, and out from the middle of it there sprang a lady, only not so beautiful as the one who had come out of the banana tree. And this lady did exactly the same thing that the other beautiful lady had done. My father was very surprised at this, and he never could find out how the magician did the trick. The magician, in fact, insisted that it was not a trick at all, but something real. However, my mother always denied this. 'No,' she said, 'there's nothing real about such things. They are evil spirits.' But my father never did mind her anyway. He drank that tea and ate those cookies and nothing happened to him. And he lived to a ripe old age."



## A Dream of Hell

One day a little girl's father died. The girl remembered it very well and she remembered that her father wore, when he died, a blue cotton Chinese robe.

Many months after his death she had a terrible dream. She saw herself putting on the blue robe that her father had worn and sinking deep down into the bowels of the earth.

When she reached the bottom she saw all around her images of saints and gods on the walls. Then she heard the weird chanting of strange voices. She had a feeling of being lost, of soaring in space, of not belonging anywhere.

All these experiences fused and merged into an uneven blur--the pictures of the priests, the devils, the chanting and the wailing.

Then she heard the ruler of hell calling out loud to her, "Get going! Get going!"

She found herself suddenly sailing at a rapid rate upwards through space.

When she told her dream to her relatives they said, "Lucky for you that you found yourself sailing up in your father's cloak; otherwise you would never have awakened at all."





## How a Boy Killed a Girl

This is one of the strangest stories that has ever come to me. It is an incident that really happened in San Francisco about twenty years ago and it only goes to prove again that old obsolete customs still persisted at that time.

The Chinese are a very peculiar people, we are told, and they do many strange things. Perhaps now people know that it was once a custom, that when a child killed another child accidentally, then the live child had to be buried along with the dead one. In the old days in China they did that very frequently and the Chinese term for it was "sleeping on the coffin bottom." It is a very old custom, but whether it is still practiced or not, I do not know.

This story about how a boy killed a girl is not strange, but the strange part of it is the demand made by the dead girl's mother. And it happened in this way.

There were two married sisters who were very good friends. The older sister had many children, all boys. All her life she longed for a girl but she did not get one. Since her small married sister had a girl, the older sister showered much of her affection and love upon her. And the two sisters were very good and close friends. No one would





have believed that any sort of trouble could separate them.

Now the older sister's husband always kept a gun under his pillow and one day the little son discovered it. He did not use it, but he left it where it was.

One day the small sister's daughter had a quarrel with this boy, and she came over to the house and argued with him. The little boy was about twelve at that time, and the girl was about ten. The boy suddenly thought of the gun. He ran into his father's room; he took the gun from under the pillow, and rushed out of the room. Probably the boy did not understand anything about the gun. He merely wished to get it and frighten the girl away. Then quite accidentally the gun went off, and the girl was killed then and there.

The girl's mother was furious, for she loved this daughter of hers dearly. The boy's mother was desperate and did not know what to do.

One day the dead girl's mother came over to her sister's house and demanded that the boy who shot her girl be buried along with the dead girl. The boy's mother almost went mad when she heard this demand. Finally, after a great deal of argument, she told her younger sister that she would pay her two thousand dollars, not to let the boy be buried with the girl. But the girl's mother refused to accept the money. She wanted the boy to pay with his life because he had killed her daughter.



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Then the boy's mother took the case to court and the court of course declared the boy innocent, and that the girl had been killed accidentally. It also declared that it was against the law to bury a person alive.

There was thus nothing that the girl's mother could do.





## The Two Legs

One day a poor man awoke with a very empty, uncomfortable feeling in his stomach. He had not eaten for many days and naturally was tired and listless. He knew that he had to do something to stop that awful gnawing of his empty stomach.

He went slowly out into the bright sunshine. It had suddenly become unendurably hot. Just as he felt he could walk no farther, he saw a duck waddling by. He looked up and down and all around. Nobody was watching, so he grabbed the duck and set off for home.

Putting the duck into a box at the corner of the house, he went inside and enthusiastically sharpened his knife.

When he went to the box to get the duck, the duck was gone. Only the two legs of the duck were left.

So the poor man did not have his dinner after all.





raise the social conditions of women. In the advocacy of mass education, these women go into the lower sections of the cities and into the villages to teach the poor people to read and write. Today we find many women participating in the social and political movements as well as in the professional fields. During the year 1927 many women wearing uniforms fought together with the soldiers of the Nationalist Party against the militarist forces from the north. In spite of the protest from the old folks, they marched forward with a courageous ambition.

Being held back by the feudalistic ideas, the women of the villages are the most conservative. In some parts further inland, in China, we find young women still bind their feet. They still cling to the old feudalistic philosophy of Confucius, that men are superior to women. Because they are mostly poor peasants, they have not opportunity to receive an education. They are ignorant and do not know anything outside their own home.

The Chinese women in America are free and equal by law, but socially they are not. They are still bound by the feudalistic ideas held by the old people who emigrated from China many years ago, and who do not know that China is changing.

There are also two types of Chinese women in America. The native-born is one type and the foreign born is the other.





is observed.

There are one hundred of these large bamboo firecrackers, and each one has a number attached to it, ranging from one to a hundred. Each one is shot off and when it explodes, it jumps up into the air, flying high up a considerable distance. There are many spectators lined up to watch and when one of these firecrackers goes off, there is a rush to get it. Whoever acquires the bamboo shell first may keep it, provided that he wants it and is willing to pay the amount of money which that number calls for. In case he does not desire to keep it, he can either give it to someone who wants it or in case nobody wants that particular number, then the hollow bamboo shell belongs to the temple for that year. Meanwhile that number will still be shot off in the yearly celebration, but no one may claim it. . .

In our house there is one of these gods, number forty-four, and I remeber how excited everyone was when it was brought into the house.

It was early that morning, in fact, that I heard first about the Buk Dei.

It so happened that we knew a person who was not getting along very well either in his private or in his business life. He heard about this celebration down in Marysville and he told mother about it. He was going down to see the celebration, he said, and he was going to come



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back with one of these bamboo shells. Now since mother is a very superstitious person, the only one in the family in fact who is really superstitious, she told the man to get one for her too.

And I, as always, just clenched my hands and said nothing. What with pictures of gods, fortune-tellers, prophecies, horoscopes, all cluttering the house everywhere I almost went mad. But I'm sure life would go on just as it has been doing even without all this bother.

Well, the next time I heard about this Buk Dei was that very same night at about eleven o'clock. I was awakened by a great deal of noise, and since I am awakened by the slightest noise, I got up to see what it was all about.

Everybody was leaning over the table looking at the picture. There was a picture on the table, a hollow bamboo firecracker, two peacock feathers, and a piece of red silk cloth. Everyone was talking loudly about the celebration and how exciting it all was. In fact, it was so exciting, I found it necessary to go back to bed.

The next morning mother sent me up to Kress to buy a small piece of oilcloth and some night-lights at the drug store. And when I reached home my brother Sung was already fixing a little shelf near the wall. When it was finished mother cut the oilcloth just the right size and covered the piece of dirty wood. Then she took out two long





glass bowls, and into each one she put an artificial rose. She filled up a glass bowl with water and on top of that she poured oil, and in the oil she put one night light. She lit that, and a steady fire began burning which lasted for hours.

Late that evening she lit some red wax candles and punks, poured out three cups of wine and rice and put them in front of the picture.

The number of the picture we have was forty-four and it cost us four and a half dollars to get it. It has been in our possession now for two years. And the Buk Dei brings us good fortune? Let me see.

Two years ago I was wearing fifteen cents socks, and now I buy only twenty-five cents stockings. Two years ago I had only two pair of shoes, now I have three. Two years ago, my father wished to return back to China to see his mother. Now he's there.

And my friends said to mother, "Ah, how fortunate you are. Your husband is back in China, your boy is working. What have you to worry about? And mother would say, her voice grateful and soft, "Yes, the Buk Dei has brought us luck indeed."

But still i say, all these things would have happened anyway, even if we had no picture of this god.

Now to take the other side of the story.

The man who went to Marysville to get this god

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continued to suffer after he had bought his picture. His health broke down and it was necessary for him to go to a public institution because he had no money. At that time his wife was ready to send the picture of the god back to the temple. However, the husband showed signs of getting well, and friends advised the wife not to send the god back since he was helping the husband to get well.

The man came out of the hospital and in less than two months had to go back again, and this time his condition was so serious that he has been there ever since. Then his wife decided that she was really going to send back the picture of the god to the temple for the wife says, "This god is no good. He has turned against us, and brought us nothing but bad luck."

Now, I think, isn't it better to let good or bad luck come as it always will and forget that it is either caused by this or that one?

I am quite sure that my father didn't go back to China just because we have a picture of the Buk Dei in our room. And I am just as sure that the man didn't become sick just because he has the Buk Dei in his room.

I happen to know that this man had lived a riotous life of pleasure, and, in his youth, wasted both his energy and strength. And so it is not strange to see his weakened condition catching up with him . . .

Now the festival of the bamboo firecrackers is not





really a holiday, for there are many who never heard of it, and do not know what it is all about. It is simply a custom followed by a small group of people, people who believe in this particular superstition.

In China, they say, the ceremony is very elaborate and on the day of the celebration, large groups of villagers journey to the open country. On that day large quantities of roast pig are prepared and carried up to the place of celebration. The firecrackers are shot off to frighten away the devils and evil spirits. Then, at night, there is another great display of fireworks. The custom of putting the picture of the Buk Dei in the house is not as closely observed in China as it is in America. Over there, once the celebration is over, it is ended until the next year.

Here in America those who have pictures of the god in their house take great care to see that oil is burned every day, and that punks are lighted. In other words, they do not want to offend the god in any manner. There are some who burn golden candles all day long.

A pair of these candles burns about thirty minutes. So the cost of keeping the gods satisfied does really cost a great deal of money.

In our house we only light three punks each day and burn one night light. Once in awhile, perhaps, wax candles are also offered to the god.

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the

fresh air. It felt like I had been in a bubble for the last few

days. The sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing

in the trees. It was a beautiful day, and I was feeling

great. I had been feeling a bit down lately, but this

day was perfect. I was going to have a picnic with my

family in the park. It was a nice surprise. I had

thought I was going to have a picnic with my friends, but

my family had decided to go instead. I was

happy to go with them. I had been feeling a bit

lonely lately, but this was perfect. I was

going to have a picnic with my family. It was a

great day. I was feeling great. I was

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"The pain in your Highness' head' said Dr. Hua, 'arises from wind, and the seat of the disease is the brain, where the wind is collected, unable to get out. Drugs are of no avail...You must first swallow a dose of hashish, and then with a sharp axe I will split open your head and let the wind out. Thus the disease will be exterminated.'

"Tsao Tsao flew into a great rage, and declared that it was a plot aimed at his life; to which Dr. Hua replied, 'Has not your Highness heard of Kuan Yu's wound in the right shoulder? I scraped the bone and removed the poison for him without a single sign of fear on his part. Your Highness's disease is but a trifling affair; why, then, so much suspicion?'

"You may scrape a sore shoulder-bone' said Tsao Tsao, 'without much risk; but to split open my skull is quite another matter. It strikes me now that you are here simply to avenge your friend Kuan Yu upon this opportunity.' He thereupon gave orders that the doctor should be seized and cast into prison." (1)

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(1) Quoted from H. A. Giles, Chinese Literature, New York, 1901, p. 280.

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Not as great a piece of literature but just as dear to the Chinese heart is the Shui Hu Chuan which Pearl Buck has translated under the title All Men Are Brothers. It is an inexhaustible treasure-house for folklore and folk customs in addition to containing a characterization of over a thousand individuals that for sheer insight into human character and foibles is almost unequalled. <sup>80</sup> Then there is the Record of Travels in the West, the Hsi Yu Chi, purporting to be the journey of Hsuan Tsang to India in search of books, relics and images illustrative of the Buddhist religion. It contains, among other marvellous





tales, the famous story of the Stone Monkey who was born on a mysterious mountain from a stone egg. He is elected king of the monkeys and then sets out on a journey in search of wisdom. First he learns the black art from a magician, then he becomes a sort of master of the horse to the supreme deity of the Taoist pantheon. After innumerable adventures during which he has managed to acquire a seeming immortality by stealing the peaches of immortality from a legendary being called the Royal Mother in the West and some of the elixir of life he is finally brought to the presence of Buddha. There he boldly demands the throne of God on the basis of the fact that he can change himself into seventy-two shapes, is immortal and can turn a somersault to a distance of six thousand miles. 'Who could be more competent to occupy the throne of heaven than such a one,' he contends. But Buddha makes a wager with him. If he can jump out of his hand then he will gladly depart and leave heaven to him. If he fails he is to be consigned to the depths of the earth and remain a mere devil-monkey for another few aeons. The stone monkey accepts and leaps into Buddha's outstretched palm which appears to him not even a foot long. He jumps and immediately reaches a place called the Five Red Pillars where he decides to stop and on which he writes in large characters The Great Holy One of All the Heavens reached this point. Then he was back in Buddha's hand jubilantly to claim his reward. But





when, at Buddha's command, he bends down to look at Buddha's middle finger there he finds the inscription: The Great Holy One of All the Heavens reached this point. He has lost and pays the penalty.

Finally we have the numerous novels dealing with gods, genii and demons of all kinds and descriptions. Here we find ourselves in the supernatural world exclusively. The materials that have gone into the making of these novels came, as was to have been expected, from the legendary cycles connected with Buddhism and taoism. The most famous of these novels is the Feng-shen Yen-i or the metamorphoses of the Gods.

*There is* *great literary*  
~~There is~~ still another work, however, that ~~has~~ must be mentioned in connection with our ~~tales~~ *myths* because ~~the collection of beliefs and tales which~~ *they bear most resemblance* ~~were made in Oakland bear most resemblance~~ to what is therein contained, namely the well-known Liao Chai, composed  
(1)  
by Liu-hsien about the third quarter of the seventeenth century. His introduction and that of a later editor of his work, Tang Meng Lai, will throw more light on the Chinese attitude toward the supernatural and the rationalizations that cultured and essentially realistic thinkers have developed to explain it than anything that we have so far said. Let me then quote them in extenso. Liu-hsien's introduction runs as follows:

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(1) Translated with notes by H. A. Giles under the title Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, London, Third revised edition, 1916.

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ty and hard-working mother.

M. cannot remember when his family didn't own a boat-- sometimes two of them. Many more people would have fished and lived off the sea but for the prohibitive cost of a boat. A good fishing snack came to eight or ten pounds which was an almost impossible sum for the average poor Irishman in Galway to obtain. But one of M's brothers, at odds with his stay-at-home ancestors, had tramped around the coast towns of Ireland for some years with what might be called a professional boat builder for a companion. From him the brother learned the trade and so M's family never wanted a boat to fish in. It was this brother who told M. long tales of distant lanes and highways, far-off lakes and mountains, the great cities of Belfast and Dublin and put the idea into the boy's head that some day he too would wander and see more of the world than congested and dilapidated Galway.

When M. was thirteen years old his mother died of typhoid fever. This was a sad blow to him for he loved his mother dearly. Left alone with his father and two brothers he daily grew more and more dissatisfied. He fished, he helped to work the farm, he even learned how to spin cloth out of wool. About this time his father suffered a mental breakdown and became a doddering druell-ing old man. He used to sit on the front stoop of the house for hours at a time, staring into space and mumbling meaningless words.



## The Man from Hell

He had been to hell. He was saved in hell. He came face to face with Yim Low Wong, the satan of the land of the dead. He came out of that pit of darkness a newer and a stronger person.

There it was, the strange apparition without a body. By the door. The boy saw it. He called out loudly. When they found him, he was on the floor, writing in pain and moaning. His face was as if drained of blood and in his eyes there was an expression of shock such as people wear when they have seen a fearful thing, some object of unutterable horror . . .

Now it was night. He had a dangerous fever. He tossed and moved. His face was burning hot and the room seemed to be on fire. Then downward; downward. He was sinking. Toward the bottom of the earth. Darkness. Then coldness. What was this? It was the land of the dead. Suddenly he saw that strange apparition again. There it was, in the dark corner. Quickly it vanished away into the darkness. The boy was left alone in the silence of space.

He heard the soft tinklings of many bells. Bald-headed priests marched quietly by in a solemn procession. Their faces were white and pale.





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"Come, little boy, come, follow me. I shall show you the way."

Bewildered, astonished, the boy followed. He passed through many intricate corridors. At last he came to a great hall. Fire leapt back and forth. It was very hot. On a high throne, in the hottest part of the room, sat Yim Low Wong, the satan of hell. Frightened, the boy looked up at him. The black-faced king shot him a piercing glance.

"Why are you here?" he demanded, "This is not the place for a little boy. Get away!"

The boy ran. Upward, upward, he began to ascend at a terrific pace. Soon he could distinguish a dim light. The heat and fire died down. He was cool and calm again. He opened his eyes. And he began to yell frantically for his mother . . .

He was a sick boy. All his early life had been a long series of illnesses and suffering and this had all been brought about because a stranger saw him too soon. It was the custom in the village where he was born that no newly born babe could be seen by a stranger until a certain number of days had passed by. If the baby was seen by any stranger during these days of isolation, it was doomed to suffer long periods of hardship and





tortment.

About forty-four years ago, there had been great excitement in the village when it became known that Mrs. Liang was about to give birth to a child. It was the expectant mother's wish to have a boy, for boys were highly regarded in those days. Late in the night it was born, and there was great rejoicing for the mother had given birth to a boy.

The parents took the greatest precaution to prevent any strangers from looking at the child until the proper number of days had passed by.

On the fourth day after the birth of the child, however, a stranger entered the house and saw the baby. When it was discovered at last that the baby had been seen by a stranger, the parents were seized with the greatest fear for the child. And as if to prove the truth of their superstitious belief, the child suffered from one sickness after another. During his entire childhood he was never well. He was thin and underweight and his face had a sickly pallor.

When he was six years old, he developed a skin inflammation which spread all over his legs. This lingered on for many years, and only after much suffering did he recover. But this had left him weakened so that he fell a victim to one disease after another.





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It was when he was ten years old he had had that terrible dream of going down to hell.

Regularly he went with his father to the store where he worked. One day he caught a cold which developed into a lingering and chronic illness. During this period of illness his hair began to fall out. He had all the appearance of one who had been through a trying period of a famine plague. His face became still thinner until he looked like a skeleton with a thin layer of skin. Fortunately for him he got better.

Then came that unforgettable day in his life, the day he would never forget. Yet it was that experience that saved his life. So he was told by everyone who listened to his story of his journey down to hell.

That day he had gone down to the store with his father as usual. While sitting in a chair he felt drowsy, and he had the sinking sensation of falling into slumber. It was then that he saw the strange being without a body. That night he had the weirdest of dreams. Then he dreamt his dream of going down to the abyss of the earth to visit the land of the dead. When he awoke, he was perspiring rapidly. His fever was miraculously gone the next day. Then slowly his hair began to grow back. In a few short weeks of resting in bed he gained back every pound that he had lost. Fully recovered, the old people in the village





claimed it was a good omen and that the boy would never suffer illness again.

However when he was sixteen, he almost lost his life because of a serious attack of dysentery. He recovered from this attack by taking funny herbs which an old man prescribed for him. Since then he has never had the slightest illness.

Yet as the man explained later on, "I did not want to believe that the cause of my ill health was due to the fact that a stranger had seen me before a certain number of days had passed by. But sometimes no matter how skeptical one may be, I am inclined to think that perhaps after all those old beliefs have, curiously enough, some foundation after all. There was another boy I knew who suffered from sickness for identically the same reasons. The old villagers would not hesitate for a moment to insist that the illness was caused by a stranger seeing a child too soon."

And so it was because of this dream that the man got well. The fear that he experienced had somehow driven the illness out of his body.

"And perhaps it was not a dream after all," he insisted, "perhaps it was really to hell that I did go. It was such a vivid experience that I can still remember every detail about it."





When he was born he was given a name with a good meaning. But because of physical ailments, his name was changed to that of a girl. Such was his mother's wish. She was told by a fortune-teller that the change of name would bring the boy back to health.

The early life of the boy was spent in learning the old classics. In his spare time he helped his father manage the farm.

He came to America with a friend when he was but a young man. Here he worked and studied very hard. After many years in this country he went back to visit his parents. There for the first time he met the many new additions to the family that had been born in the meantime. There were five new members since from the time he had left to the time he returned. Almost immediately upon his arrival his parents arranged a marriage between him and a neighboring girl, a girl with bound feet. The matter was settled very quickly.

The young husband brought his wife over here. Arriving in this country they were greeted by many old friends.

The young wife had a hard time adapting herself to the steep streets of San Francisco, but she finally did manage to get used to them.

The husband and wife chose a small house in the heart of Chinatown. They furnished it with good but not





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too expensive furniture. And so their life in this new country began.

Almost immediately the young husband was given a position in a food store. It was his duty to answer the phone and take down all orders which the customers desired. He wrote down all telephone purchases. These orders were filled out by other workers in the store who delivered them to the customers.

Toward the end of the month all the books had to be gone over, and during those few days, the young husband was busily occupied.

In those days food stores were operated in a very peculiar manner. The owner of the store tried to get as many customers as he could to buy from him. The others did the same thing. Many bitter fights were fought because a customer stopped buying from a certain store and went over to trade at a different one.

There was one good way in which to keep the customers from trading elsewhere and that was for the store to donate, every year, gifts of chicken, duck eggs, and oyster sauce to the customers. These gifts were the owner's appreciation of the customers' trade for the year. The stores that did not do this lost many of their best customers.

The people who bought their food from the various stores were very strange in their allegiance. They bought





their food from a certain store because they knew the people and no matter how cheaply the other stores sold their goods, they would not buy from them. Even today many people do this.

This man has had many names. When he first went to school, he was given a school name which had a good meaning to it. When he went into business, he used a business name. Then, of course, there is his real name which he does not use as much as his business one.

Today this man is still called by the girl's name which his mother gave him. Because he is known by that name to so many of his friends, he adopted it as his real name . . . .

Since that fateful day when he saw the black-faced king, he has never suffered any serious illness outside of that one attack of dysentery. He still believes that it was the intense fright which made him well. The old people in the village said to him, "If you, had been destined to stay down in that dark hole, you would surely have died that night. But because your parents and you were good and honest people, the black-faced king chased you out and made you well. Otherwise, you would surely have died then."

Today, thanks to Yim Low Wong, the ruler of hell, he is alive. He is not making a large amount of money





but enough to live on. His wife stays home and does all the cooking, and cares for the entire family. She is famed for her excellent food. There is no one who can compete with her in making gin dur, Chinese dough cakes, and tong youen, which resembles the former, but is much smaller and done in an entirely different method. Most people only make these foods on holidays and times of celebration but this woman makes them often because her husband likes them. Often during week ends, she and her women friends gather at her house, and they make all sorts of fancy delicacies.

Her husband, the man from hell, is today a man of the earth. He never dreams about that black-faced king any more. He hopes that he never will. His bot gee, that is, his horoscope tells him that when he is over fifty years of age, he will become prosperous.

"I believe it," he tells everyone, "because many things have come true already."



## The Ghosts and the Bachelor

All of us have read and heard about ghosts. We know, so our parents and teachers tell us, that ghosts are pure illusions and that they do not actually exist in real life.

I am not asking anyone to believe this story if they doubt it, but I will say that it was told by a person who would under no circumstances lie just to make a story more interesting.

In America we hear very little of ghosts. We read about them in English castles and the curse they throw upon certain people. But in China that is quite different. Ghosts are everywhere and countless stories are told about them. Most of them refer to actual occurrences for which the narrator can truthfully vouch. Some these stories, it is true, are handed down from one generation to the other. Others are of more recent origin.

The story I am now going to narrate is about a very definite ghost and how it made the life of a man miserable and full of trouble. It is an absolutely true story. I, myself, would not have believed it if it had been told to me by anyone but this person. I know, however, that he is honest and that he has really been through the ordeal of seeing ghosts.





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He was about seventeen years when it happened to him. It was in China. He was attending a private, no, it was a public school where the pupils did not go home to sleep. They had rooms provided by the school. In each room there were six students.

When Mr. Kiang - let us give him that name - first entered school he was a healthy young man. Then as the months went by his appearance changed. He became weak and thin and the students thought that he was sick.

Every night before he went to bed he saw strange looking figures creeping out of the floors. Some had bodies, others had heads. But none had a complete body. At first he thought he was imagining things. But after many nights of this experience he told the students in the room about it. But not one of them could see it at all. So the young man went home to his mother and told her about it. She immediately burned incense to the gods and had a horoscope of the boy's future told. But it did no good.

He went back to the school. Now one dark night when every student in the room was fast asleep, the young man was awakened by a strange noise. When he opened his eyes he saw figures darting hither and yonder. Some threatened him with clubs, others with their hands. He fought them off and called to the students to help. But no one heard him. He pushed them, but they did not wake up.





Thus for about fifteen or twenty minutes he fought with the ghosts. The people in the next room came over to see what was the matter. They found him on the floor. His body was all blue and red. On his back there were marks of teeth. The students in the room were then awakened and they all said that they heard noises but that something heavy seemed to push them down every time they wished to get up.

The young man was then taken home to his mother. The students in that room did not wish to sleep there any longer. A group of students decided to investigate the matter and dug up the boards to see what was underneath. To their complete amazement they dug up the bones of human beings right under the bed of this young man.

There were many of these skeletons. How they got there will remain a mystery forever. Perhaps they were the victims of floods or of drought; perhaps they had been buried alive with some famous men as was once the custom. Mr. Kiang told me about some of the strange things people did in the old days.

"I remember how my mother told me all those strange stories when I was a small boy. She said that in the olden times when a famous king or nobleman died then they would bury a few children with them. These children were given food and everything to last a long time. The grave was not just a hole to put a dead person in. It was like a place



The hundred numbers of which I spoke before are almost always claimed by somebody or other. And a person can keep his number as long as he wants, that is, until he wishes to give it up or whenever he wishes to change to another number.

Let me give an example. Suppose we say a person wishes to get number eight. How does he go about it?

This is what he does. Every one of the bamboo firecrackers, we have seen, is numbered from one to a hundred. When the firecrackers are shot off the only way to get one is to get it before the other fellow does. If you get a bamboo shell that happens to be number eight, all is well, but if it should be any of the other ninety-nine numbers, you have to keep that particular number, that is, if you want it.

There are then only two ways to get the number you want. The first way is to get a bamboo shell with that actual number on it. The chances are a hundred to one that you will not get it. The other way is to hope that someone else has gotten the number and doesn't want it. In that case he will turn the number into the temple and you can go and claim it. Even then you may not get it for there may be someone ahead of you who wishes that number too.

In case that the number you wish is already in someone's possession, and that person is unwilling to





## A dream of Hell

And here we have another of those strange stories, so typical Chinese, and this one happened here in America. Somehow or other, we just <sup>can't</sup> get away from the black-faced king of hell. He's haunting us. Oh!

<sup>One day a little</sup> It happened ~~that the girl's father had died, and the~~ <sup>The girl</sup> ~~little girl was very small.~~ <sup>it very well and she remembered</sup> She remembered ~~the coat~~ <sup>the</sup> that her father wore when he died, a blue cotton Chinese robe.

<sup>Many</sup> ~~For many~~ months after <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ death of the father, the girl <sup>she</sup> ~~one night~~ had a terrible dream. She saw herself putting on the blue robe that her father <sup>had worn</sup> ~~was wearing~~ on herself, and she felt herself sinking deep down into the bowels of the earth.

Down.

Down.

<sup>When</sup> ~~Then~~ she reached the bottom, ~~and~~ <sup>on</sup> all around her she saw images of ~~ssaints~~ <sup>of</sup> saints and gods ~~all around~~ the walls. Then she heard the weird chanting of strange voices. <sup>She had</sup> ~~It was~~ a feeling of being lost, <sup>of soaring in space</sup> ~~being out of space inwardly and outwardly,~~ of <sup>anything</sup> ~~the feeling of not belonging.~~ ~~Now.~~

<sup>All these experiences</sup> ~~Then the events~~ fused and merged into an uneven and blur-  
<sup>the pictures of the priests, the devils, the chanting and the wailing.</sup> ~~issue. Pictures of priests. Of devils. Of chanting and wail-~~  
~~ing. Wailing. Wailing all the time.~~

<sup>(She heard the ruler of hell calling out loud to her</sup> Then Yim Low Wong called out loud, "Get going!" <sup>get going!</sup>  
<sup>She</sup> ~~The girl~~ found herself <sup>suddenly</sup> sailing at a rapid rate <sup>upwards</sup> ~~up into~~ through space.

<sup>told</sup> When she ~~related~~ her dream to her <sup>relative</sup> friends they said, "Luckily for you that you found yourself sailing up in your father's creak; otherwise you would never have <sup>awakened</sup> ~~woken up~~ at all."

~~She did come up and is still alive today.~~





XLVIII

This is what my mother told me —

~~Again it was my mother who came to my rescue. It started like this, and it only goes to prove that one little thing would suggest other things. I guess we were all eating bananas, in the evening, if I remember correctly, and I said, I wish I had something to write about, I'm stuck. And just then my mother said, These bananas remind me of something that happened to my father. It happened that my father had heard about a very clever magician, and this magician could <sup>perform</sup> the strangest miracles with a banana tree. Many of my father's friends had urged <sup>him</sup> ~~my father~~ to go with <sup>them</sup> ~~him~~ to see this strange and clever magician, but <sup>he</sup> ~~my father~~ never had time. But <sup>one</sup> ~~one~~ night, <sup>however,</sup> he decided that he might just as well go, <sup>although</sup> ~~for~~ he did not believe the strange things that his friends told him that the banana-man could do. So they then went to the house of this magician, and ~~they all~~ sat down. There was a banana tree in the room, and the magician mumbled many strange and <sup>meaningless</sup> ~~awkward~~ words, and then, with one slash of his knife, he split open the banana tree, and out from it there came a beautiful lady, a very beautiful <sup>indeed,</sup> lady, holding a tray of steaming tea. She came close to my father, and my father took a glass of tea, but ~~he~~ was afraid to drink it, for fear that <sup>there might be</sup> ~~something~~ evil ~~was~~ in it. But his friend said to him, "Do not be afraid. We have drunk it many times," <sup>so</sup> ~~and~~ So my father ~~then~~ drank the tea, and it was very sweet and tasty, that he even drank a second cup of it. Then the lady went <sup>back</sup> into the tree and came out with some cookies, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ my father <sup>returned</sup> ~~went back~~ home <sup>he</sup> ~~and~~ told my mother about it. When she <sup>heard about what had happened</sup> she said, "You are <sup>were</sup> foolish <sup>to</sup> for drinking such tea. One never knows what evil there <sup>may be</sup> ~~is~~ in it."~~



But my father <sup>paid no</sup> ~~did not pay any~~ attention to her. <sup>It on another occasion</sup> ~~Another time~~ my father went there again, and this time there was a huge banana, just a <sup>plain</sup> banana, not a tree, ~~mind you, but a plain banana,~~ <sup>A</sup> ~~and~~ this time the magician sliced the banana in halves, and out from the middle of it there sprang a lady, only ~~this lady~~ was not <sup>so</sup> beautiful <sup>this time</sup> as the one that came out <sup>of</sup> ~~from~~ the banana tree. And this lady did exactly the same thing that the other beautiful lady did. My father was very surprised at this, and he could never find out how the magician did the trick, <sup>(the magician</sup> ~~and he even~~, <sup>in fact, insisted</sup> ~~told my father~~ that it was not a trick at all, but something real, <sup>However</sup> ~~but~~ my mother always <sup>denied this, "No" she said,</sup> ~~said, Real,~~ "there's nothing real about <sup>such</sup> ~~these~~ things. They are evil spirits." But my father never <sup>He</sup> ~~did~~ mind her anyway. <sup>that</sup> ~~Well, my father~~ drank ~~these~~ tea, and he ate those cookies, <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ nothing happened to him. And he lived to ~~be~~ a ripe old age." ~~I guess I was about ten years old then, and I remember my mother telling me that story about my father.~~

~~Well, this is a true story, too, but I know it sounds incredible, but that's because this is a Chinese story, and all Chinese stories are incredible, so just read it and say, It's true, it's true, for if you don't believe it, well, there's nothing you can do, is there?~~





XLI

Although the rich man lived in <sup>a</sup>the luxurious house, and had two beautiful wives he was not happy, for his greatest wish was to have <sup>children,</sup> sons, many sons, and daughters. He lived with his two wives for many years, but somehow, they did not bear any children <sup>him</sup>to him. The rich man did not need money; he had plenty of it. All he desired was <sup>to have</sup>children.

One day he happened to see a drunk <sup>en</sup>man on the road, and the drunk <sup>en</sup>man was wandering around in <sup>a</sup>semi<sup>conscious</sup> condition, not knowing where he was going, or what he was doing. The rich man saw him, and immediately a <sup>wonderful</sup>~~great~~ idea came into his head. He took the drunk <sup>en</sup>man to his rich and <sup>expensive</sup>~~elaborate~~ house.

When the drunk <sup>and</sup>man woke up in the morning, he found himself in a soft bed, <sup>with</sup>~~and~~ the walls around him <sup>that</sup>~~were~~ unfamiliar, <sup>although</sup> very beautiful and well done. The man thought he had died and that he was now in heaven. He was still a little dizzy as a result of the liquor he <sup>had</sup>drunk.

He got out of his bed, and ~~he~~ discovered that he had on robes of silk, and <sup>where</sup>there beside him ~~was~~ his clothes all ready to wear.

In a sort of <sup>he</sup>~~daze~~ the ~~man~~ wandered outside, and he came into a large room, <sup>whose</sup>~~and~~ the furniture and furnishings proved to him that he was in the house of a very rich person. The whole place was quiet, and the man looked out <sup>of</sup>the windows and saw great lawns of grass stretching <sup>far</sup>into the distance. All around the house, there bloomed <sup>many</sup>varieties of dazzling flowers.

The man still thought ~~that~~ he was in another world. He was a poor man, and he had a wife and three children in the village. All his life he had worked, and never had he seen a house such as <sup>the</sup>~~this~~ one he was in now.





His thoughts wandered back <sup>to</sup> the old village, <sup>his</sup> the house, the children, and then the rest, <sup>But it was all a</sup> ~~all~~ blank; he could not remember <sup>anything distinctly</sup> at all.

Then he met the wives of the rich man, and he thought-thought that they were angels, so heavenly and beautiful were they. And so day by day the man began to accept the new surroundings as part of his life, and that he was really in heaven. For one week he would live with one woman, and the next week he would live with the other.

<sup>A</sup> The year~~s~~ went by, and both women gave birth to <sup>babies</sup> ~~a~~ baby. All this time the rich man was not living at his house, but he kept track<sup>K</sup> of all that happened to his wives and how they were getting along.

The man and the two women were getting along very well, and he told them of his home and about his family. So it was arranged that each month so much money was ~~to~~ to be sent to the wife in the village, although the man did not know anything about it all.

And it was explained to the wife in the village that the husband had gone off to <sup>a</sup> far away land. And so the years flew by.

The two wives by this time had a total of four children. The rich man was satisfied then, and he came back to the house and demanded that the other man should leave. But that man did <sup>the</sup> not want to leave. He liked the house; he liked the women, and the children were his.

But the rich man had to do something, so one night, he made the other man drunk again, and he took him back to his home.



Then the rich man returned back to his wives. Well, he got his children, even though they belonged to another man. But it doesn't matter. He wanted children, and he got them.

And because the rich man was so ingenious, the people say he was a smart man. But <sup>no one</sup> ~~none~~ was able to find out who the rich man was, or who the other man was. Nevertheless the story leaked out, from one <sup>person</sup> to another, and this is how I got it <sup>down</sup> on paper.





LVI

*Confirmed*  
Long ago in China there was a man who was ~~an enthusiastic~~  
gambler, <sup>He</sup> ~~who~~ wasted all this energy and time in the ~~surround-~~  
~~ings~~ <sup>dens</sup> of the gambling ~~shop~~. One day he lost all his money,  
and at nightfall he made his way sadly home, utterly <sup>dejected</sup> ~~defeated~~  
and completely <sup>uncomfortable</sup> ~~ill at ease~~. If only he had ~~some~~ more money!  
He knew he could win back what he lost at the shop.

While passing along the street he noticed an old man sitting on the walk. Beside him were many bottles of dark liquid. The old man said, "Have you any strong little boys. Sell them to me, and I will give you good prices for them."

There was no need to tell the man what would happen to the little boys, and he knew deep in his heart that he could not go through with a thing like that.

That night he <sup>could not</sup> ~~cannot~~ sleep. He dreamt of money, and he decided definitely what he <sup>would</sup> ~~wished to~~ do. Early the next morning the little son said to the father, "Take me with you today." A gleam came into the father's eyes.

The father took the little son near a river, disrobed the little boy, and with quick slashes of his knife, he cut the small boy into small pieces. He wrapped the pieces of flesh with the ~~s~~hirt of the boy, and brought them to the medicine man. The medicine man gave him money, and immediately the father went back to the gambling shop.

Toward nightfall the father and son were not back home yet. The mother was worried, The evening meal was hot on the table.

"What could have happened?" <sup>to them</sup> the mother wondered.

The father again lost all his money, but he <sup>did</sup> ~~had~~ not <sup>have</sup> the





real courage to go back and face his wife. Late that night a neighbor came to the wife's house and said, "I heard that a small boy had been sold to a medicine man for medicine. His clothes are lying <sup>near</sup> ~~along~~ the brook." Even <sup>then</sup> ~~at this time~~ the mother did not for a moment think that the boy could be her son. Confident that the boy could not be her son, but still inquisitive, she made <sup>her</sup> way to the bank of the brook. Then she recognized the clothes of the boy, and a great fear gripped her. She made her way back to <sup>her</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>home</sup> only to discover that her husband had not yet returned.

There was no sign of the father that night. The next morning he was not home. Meanwhile the <sup>poor</sup> wife was <sup>wild with worry.</sup> ~~in a turmoil.~~

Late that afternoon a friend came and told her, "Your husband is dead near the river."

She had lost her son, and now her husband.

And this was what happened <sup>is</sup> when a man <sup>because he cannot resist gambling</sup> was desperately in need of money, ~~and all for the cause of gambling.~~

~~note: This incident actually happened, and told to me by one of the workers of the store.~~



XVII

is ~~have~~ has even come to me.  
This one of the strangest stories that ~~not~~ reached us.  
It is an <sup>that</sup> incident ~~really~~ happened in San Francisco about twenty  
years ago, and it only goes to prove again that old obsolete  
customs still persist <sup>at</sup> ~~in~~ that time.

The Chinese are a very peculiar people, <sup>(we are told)</sup> and they do <sup>(many)</sup> strange  
things. Perhaps <sup>(few people know that it was once a custom,</sup> ~~any of us do not know~~ that when a child  
killed another child <sup>(and accidentally)</sup> then the living child <sup>(had to be)</sup> buried along with  
the dead <sup>one</sup> child. In the olden <sup>days</sup> times in China they did that  
very frequently, and the Chinese term for it <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ "sleeping  
on the coffin bottom." It is a very old custom, <sup>but</sup> and whether  
it is still <sup>practiced</sup> ~~done~~ or not, ~~we~~ <sup>I</sup> do not know.

This story ~~of~~ about ~~how~~ a boy killed a girl is not strange,  
but the strange part of it is the demand made by the dead girl's  
mother. And it happened <sup>in this way</sup> ~~like this~~.

<sup>(There were)</sup> ~~The~~ two married sisters <sup>(who)</sup> were very good friends, and the  
older sister had many children, all boys. All her life  
she longed for a girl, but she did not get one. Since her  
small married sister had a girl, the older sister showered  
much of her affection and love upon her. And the two sisters  
were very good and close friends. <sup>one</sup> ~~None~~ <sup>(have believed)</sup> would ~~think~~ that any  
sort of trouble ~~would~~ separate them ~~at all~~.

Now the older sister's husband always kept <sup>or</sup> a gun under  
his pillow, and one day the little son discovered it. He  
did not use it, but he left it where it was.

One day the small sister's daughter had a quarrel with  
this boy, and she came over to the house and argued with him.  
The little boy was about twelve at that time, and the girl  
was about ten. The boy suddenly thought of the gun, and ~~he~~  
ran into his father's room, and he took the gun from under the





pillow, and ~~he~~ rushed out of the room. Probably the boy did not understand anything about the gun. He <sup>merely</sup> wished to get it and frightened the girl away. When quite accidentally the gun ~~went off~~ exploded, and the girl was killed then and there.

The girl's mother was furious, for she loved this daughter of hers dearly. The boy's mother <sup>was desperate and</sup> did not know what to do.

One day the dead girl's mother came over to her sister's house and demanded that the boy <sup>who</sup> that shot her girl, be buried along with the dead girl. The boy's mother ~~always~~ <sup>almost</sup> ~~became~~ <sup>went</sup> mad <sup>when she heard this demand</sup>. Finally, after a great deal of <sup>argument,</sup> she told her <sup>younger</sup> ~~small~~ sister that she would pay her two thousand dollars, and not <sup>to</sup> let <sup>the</sup> her boy be buried with the girl. But the girl's mother <sup>refused to</sup> would not accept the money. She wanted the boy to pay for his life because he had killed her daughter.

Then the boy's mother took the case to court, and the <sup>defence</sup> ~~court~~ <sup>declared</sup> said ~~that~~ the boy ~~was~~ innocent, and <sup>that</sup> the girl <sup>had been</sup> ~~was~~ killed accidentally. ~~and that there was no blame that could be put on the boy.~~

<sup>(It also declared that it was</sup> ~~And also that it is~~ against the law to bury a live person.

There was <sup>that</sup> nothing that the girl's mother could do.

~~The two families became separated from each other, and they never were as close as they used to be. It is said that the small sister finally accepted the money offered her.~~





XXI

perhaps for one hour in America, but it is a fact that in  
it is a very strange thing, but the fact is that in  
everyone knows about ghosts.  
China, a person hears a great deal about ghost, and about  
things weird and queer. Not only are ghosts a vital part  
of Chinese lives, but they have influenced many ~~persons~~ <sup>people</sup>,  
and ~~also~~ <sup>they have</sup> destroyed many ~~persons~~ <sup>people</sup> too.

~~There~~ <sup>we</sup> hear about dead people coming back to life, about  
ghosts that haunt ~~the~~ <sup>people</sup> they hate, about strange shapes  
and shadows that resemble dead ~~people~~ <sup>individuals</sup>. Again and again ~~we~~ <sup>I</sup>  
have ~~heard~~ <sup>been told such</sup> stories, very strange and peculiar, but ~~all~~ <sup>they seem to me</sup> true,  
~~so we are told; and experienced by the narrators who told~~ <sup>I have been assured they have all been personally by those who</sup>  
~~narrated them to me.~~

Many are the tales told of people who  
~~we have heard stories of how people went down~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>hell, and</sup>  
~~who~~ and met the black-faced ~~giant~~ <sup>giant</sup> face to face, and ~~how illness~~ <sup>of</sup>  
had been cured just because of the fright of ~~meeting him~~ <sup>are experienced at</sup>

And so I am going to tell you the story of a ghost, a modern story and  
~~Here is a rather modern story of a ghost, nothing impor-~~  
~~tant, but it proves that ghosts do exist, in China anyway...~~  
~~not very important except to prove that ghosts exist,~~

~~This man was once~~ <sup>there was</sup> ~~a soldier~~ <sup>(stationed)</sup> near a village. He always  
carried a gun with him wherever he ~~goes~~ <sup>went</sup>. One night there  
was a call for help because a fire had broken out somewhere  
in the village. ~~The man and~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~soldiers~~ <sup>other</sup> were ordered to go to  
the village to fight the fire and stop it.

Now this man's aunt had died about a week ~~ago~~ <sup>before</sup> in that  
~~village, and this soldier went by this house.~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~He happened~~ <sup>had to pass by his house</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>as he passed</sup>  
~~saw something moving along the wall, something eerie,~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~which resembled his aunt very much, but still the soldier~~ <sup>a figure</sup> ~~was not sure.~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~Once he saw it, and then again he did not.~~ <sup>uncertainly figure</sup>

He went towards the moving shape, and as he ~~went~~ <sup>came</sup> closer he noticed  
~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> head was gone, and ~~he~~ saw only the feet. Then he went still



closer, and then the feet disappeared, and <sup>all he saw</sup> ~~the man only saw~~  
~~was a torso~~  
~~the torso of the shape.~~ Then ~~on~~ still closer inspection,  
~~that too was gone~~  
~~the torso and the feet were gone,~~ and only the hands were <sup>left</sup>  
<sup>(and clutching,</sup> ~~moving in the air.~~ <sup>He</sup> The ~~man~~ became afraid, but <sup>too frightened to speak. He</sup> ~~he was able~~  
<sup>could but call out weakly:</sup> ~~to call out,~~ "Stop. Who <sup>was</sup> ~~is it~~ there?"  
~~There was no answer.~~  
~~Nothing answered.~~

Then, <sup>suddenly,</sup> the head appeared again. Then disappeared. Then  
 appeared again. Then the torso. Then ~~the~~ feet. Then the  
 hands. Head. ~~Torso.~~ Feet. ~~Hands:~~ <sup>they appeared and disappeared,</sup> again and again.

The man was <sup>terribly</sup> frightened.

He took out his gun and he fired three or four shots  
 into the shadow. The shadow ~~then~~ disappeared. The man was at  
 ease.

<sup>He saw</sup> ~~There was~~ nothing <sup>now</sup> on the walls <sup>(the</sup> except <sup>his</sup> three or  
 four holes made by ~~the~~ bullets.

By this time the fire in the village had died down.

Some of the men asked ~~this~~ <sup>the</sup> soldier, "What ~~made~~ delayed  
 you for so long?"

The soldier <sup>answered</sup> ~~said~~, "I have just shot a ghost."





All of us have read and heard about ghosts. We know, so our parents and teachers <sup>tell us</sup> ~~say~~, that ghosts are <sup>pure</sup> imaginary illusions and that they do not actually exist in real life.

Every reader of Poe knows that he was a very famous author of the strange and odd. We remembered "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Liegea," and countless other stories that sent the blood shivering through our cold veins. In the silver screen we saw "The Invisible Man," "Frankenstein," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "Dracula."

All of these stories and movies are purely for people who like to enjoy the horror although they do not actually believe it. But once in a great while we have a story about ghosts told by someone who actually <sup>had</sup> been through the experience and who had really seen ghosts in their actual ~~ly~~ forms.

<sup>I am not asking anyone</sup> We ~~do not ask our readers~~ to believe this story if they doubt it, but <sup>I</sup> ~~will say~~ <sup>(that it was)</sup> ~~it is~~ told by a person who <sup>would</sup> ~~will not~~ under <sup>no</sup> ~~any~~ circumstances lie <sup>just</sup> ~~to make the~~ story more interesting.

In America we hear very little of ghosts. We read about ghosts <sup>them</sup> in the English castles and the curse they throw upon certain people. ~~Why, even in "Hamlet," we have a ghost.~~

<sup>that is quite different. Ghosts are everywhere and</sup> But in China ghosts are a common thing. ~~We have heard countless stories~~ <sup>(are told)</sup> about them. Most of them ~~are said to have actually~~ <sup>refer to actual occurrences</sup> ~~happened to someone~~ <sup>for which the narrator can truthfully vouch.</sup>

<sup>(it is true)</sup> Some of the stories <sup>(one)</sup> are handed down from <sup>(to the other)</sup> generations ~~before.~~ <sup>Others</sup> Some are of <sup>more</sup> very recent origin. ~~Others are true facts as far as the tellers are concerned.~~

<sup>The</sup> In this story <sup>(I am now going to narrate is about a very definite)</sup> we ~~will tell about~~ ghost and how it made the life of a ~~certain~~ man miserable and full of trouble. It is an absolutely true story. <sup>(I myself)</sup> ~~we~~ would not have believed it if it <sup>(had been)</sup> ~~were~~ told to ~~us~~ me





~~(but this person, I know, however, that he is honest and that he has~~  
 by anyone else. ~~But it is told to us by the one who had really~~  
<sup>really</sup> ~~been~~ through the ordeal of seeing ghosts.

He was about seventeen years ~~of age at that time.~~ <sup>(when it happened to him. It was in China.)</sup> He was  
 attending a private, no, it was a public school where the pupils did  
 not go home to sleep. They had rooms provided <sup>by</sup> ~~at~~ the school. In  
 each room there were six students. ~~Needless to say they were all of~~  
 the male sex.

~~We must mention that all this happened in China.~~

<sup>(Mr. Kiang - let us give him that name -)</sup>  
 When ~~this man~~ first entered school he was a healthy young man.  
 Then as the months went by ~~there seemed to be a difference in his~~  
<sup>changed</sup> appearance. He <sup>became</sup> ~~was~~ weaker and thinner and the students thought that  
 he was sick.

Every night before he went to bed he saw strange looking figures  
 creeping out of the floors. Some had bodies, other had heads. But  
 none <sup>had</sup> ~~were~~ a complete <sup>body</sup> ~~anatomy.~~ One night, as usual, ~~he saw them again.~~  
 At first he thought he was imagining things. But after many nights  
 of this experience he told the students in the room about it. But  
 not one of them could see it at all. So the young man went home to  
 his mother and told her about it. She immediately burned incense to  
 the gods and had a horoscope of the boy's <sup>future</sup> ~~told.~~ But it did no good.  
<sup>He went back to the school. Now</sup> ~~One a certain dark night every student~~ <sup>(when every student)</sup> in the room was <sup>fast</sup> ~~asleep,~~  
 The young man was awoken <sup>ed</sup> by a strange noise. When he opened his eyes  
 he saw figures darting <sup>hither</sup> ~~here~~ and <sup>yonder</sup> ~~there~~. Some <sup>threatened</sup> ~~came~~ at him with clubs,  
 others with their hands. He fought ~~with~~ <sup>off</sup> them. <sup>and called to</sup> ~~He~~ ~~dilled~~ the students  
 to help. But no one heard him. He pushed them, but they did not  
 wake. <sup>up</sup>

<sup>Thus</sup> For about fifteen or twenty minutes he fought with the <sup>se</sup> ghosts.  
<sup>The</sup> People in the next room came over to see what was the matter. They



found him on the floor. His body was all blue and red. On his back there were marks of teeth. The students in the room were then awakened <sup>and</sup> ~~by the other students.~~ They all said that they heard noise but that something heavy seemed to push them down ~~everything and~~ every-time they wished to get up.

The young man was then taken home to his mother. The students in that room did not wish <sup>long</sup> ~~to~~ to sleep there any <sup>A</sup> ~~more.~~ ~~The~~ group of students decided to investigate <sup>(the matter)</sup> and ~~soon they~~ dug up the boards to see what was underneath. To their complete amazement they dug up the bones of human beings right under the bed of this young man.

There were many of these skeletons. <sup>H</sup> Now they got there will remain a <sup>for ever</sup> mystery. Perhaps they were the victims of floods or <sup>of</sup> drought; <sup>P</sup> Perhaps they were <sup>had been</sup> ~~victims of being~~ buried alive with some famous <sup>(as was once the custom)</sup> <sup>(Mr. Kiang told me about some)</sup> men. ~~The man talked about some~~ of the strange things ~~that~~ people did in the olden days.

"I remembered <sup>all</sup> how my mother told me ~~those~~ strange stories when I was a small boy. She said that in the olden times when a famous king or nobleman <sup>a</sup> died then they <sup>would</sup> ~~were~~ buried <sup>y</sup> with a few human children <sup>(with them)</sup>. These children were given food and everything to last a long time. The grave <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ not just a hole to put a dead person in. It was like a place where a king dwelled. <sup>(the children were)</sup> Mostly ~~it was~~ <sup>Generally it was always</sup> a girl and a boy. <sup>that</sup> They ~~were~~ were supposed to accompany the dead man and take care of him so <sup>that</sup> he <sup>would</sup> ~~will~~ not be lonely. Parents who needed money desperately sold their children for such purposes.

"Fortunately such things are not <sup>permitted</sup> ~~being practiced~~ today. It was a very cruel thing to do.

"I <sup>also</sup> remembered seeing a ceremony long ago in which a <sup>so called</sup> ~~group~~ ghost-seeing women drove the ghosts away who had been following a certain





<sup>woman</sup> young ~~lady~~ around everywhere ~~that~~ she went. This young <sup>woman</sup> ~~lady~~ was always seeing strange things and sights that scared her mother to death. So the mother decided to hire some ghost-seeing women to get rid of the ghosts. These ~~group~~ of women were supposed to be <sup>to see through the aid to have eyes that penetrated the air and that could</sup> able <sup>and true</sup> to penetrate the medium of the ether and see the ghost in their ~~it~~ actual ~~form~~.

<sup>woman, as I said,</sup> was pursued by ghosts everywhere. "This ~~lady~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~was said to be followed everywhere by the ghost.~~ The mother <sup>these special ghost-seers</sup> heard about ~~the group~~ of women and decided to give them a trial. All ~~of us~~ <sup>were terribly</sup> in the village ~~was~~ <sup>and crowded around</sup> thoroughly excited to see <sup>these women to see how they worked</sup> ~~the group of women worked.~~ All of us ~~who~~ <sup>exceedingly</sup> were ~~inquisitive~~ <sup>very</sup> gathered ~~around~~ and watched them, <sup>carefully</sup>.

"The <sup>se</sup> old women had many nets. They used them <sup>for</sup> to snare <sup>in</sup> the ghosts. <sup>(we witnessed)</sup> All ~~of a sudden~~ <sup>there was</sup> a struggle between the ~~group~~ of women and the ghosts. One of the women was badly bitten and there were marks of huge teeth on her back. After the ghosts <sup>(had been)</sup> ~~were~~ caught they were put into <sup>large</sup> enormous empty jars. And It took from twelve to fifteen men to carry these jars after they were filled up. They took these jars, ~~and~~ covered them up and threw them into the sea.

<sup>After that</sup> "Ever ~~since~~ then, the young <sup>woman</sup> ~~lady~~ was <sup>entirely</sup> freed from the <sup>pursuit of</sup> ghosts, but <sup>yet</sup> no one wished to marry her because she <sup>(had once been)</sup> ~~was~~ connected with them." <sup>Mr. Kiang</sup> This man, because <sup>he knew</sup> ~~he had seen~~ <sup>these things had happened</sup> this happened and because he himself had seen ghosts, believed that they exist everywhere. He never forgot his experiences in <sup>that</sup> the school back in China. But since leaving <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ school, he <sup>s</sup> had never been bothered <sup>by</sup> about them.

<sup>chp. 165 for continuation</sup> We will relate something about the childhood of this man. He wanted to become a stage actor. The kind that sings and warbles on the stage with a great deal of confusion and noise. His parents

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem.

2. The second part is devoted to a detailed study of the case of a single particle.

3. The third part is devoted to a study of the case of a system of particles. In this part, the author shows that the results obtained in the case of a single particle can be generalized to the case of a system of particles.

4. The fourth part is devoted to a study of the case of a system of particles. In this part, the author shows that the results obtained in the case of a single particle can be generalized to the case of a system of particles.

5. The fifth part is devoted to a study of the case of a system of particles. In this part, the author shows that the results obtained in the case of a single particle can be generalized to the case of a system of particles.

6. The sixth part is devoted to a study of the case of a system of particles. In this part, the author shows that the results obtained in the case of a single particle can be generalized to the case of a system of particles.

7. The seventh part is devoted to a study of the case of a system of particles. In this part, the author shows that the results obtained in the case of a single particle can be generalized to the case of a system of particles.

8. The eighth part is devoted to a study of the case of a system of particles. In this part, the author shows that the results obtained in the case of a single particle can be generalized to the case of a system of particles.



opposed him bitterly. In those days a girl who wished to become an actress was said to be a wanton. A boy who wished to become an actor was said to be, well, I suppose the appropriate term is, a gigolo.

His parents said to him that no one who was decent and respectful would consent to go on the stage. Of course, today the best people are trained to become stage actors and actresses.

The boy because of the objections of his parents gave up his plans. He was not interested in anything else. The stage was his dream. His ambition. Now it was bitterly shattered to the winds.

And like any other boys of his age, he was sent to school to study. Finally realizing how hopeless it would be to worry about stage life, he began to study in earnest. After graduating with high grades and high honors, he got a job in China.

Although he was not interested anymore in his participation of the stage, nevertheless he was an interested spectator. He went to the stage shows very often.

Some of the interesting things that he explained were:

"In China the stage shows continued from morning until the next morning. It lasted all through the night. A group of actors played until a certain hour and then another group of actors took up their <sup>parts</sup> ~~parts~~ and continued from there. The spectators if they wished could remain until the complete show is finished or they could go home and give the ticket to someone else who would have the privilege of seeing the latter half of the show. Some who were maniacs of the stage often would sit through the complete show. Often a show would last from twelve to twenty hours. Today everything is different. Personally I think that four or five

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's annual message to Congress. The letter is written in a formal, dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in the history of the United States.

2. The second part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Interior, dated January 10, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the Secretary's annual report to the President. The report is written in a formal, dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in the history of the United States.

3. The third part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Treasury, dated January 15, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the Secretary's annual report to the President. The report is written in a formal, dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in the history of the United States.

4. The fourth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 20, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the Secretary's annual report to the President. The report is written in a formal, dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in the history of the United States.

5. The fifth part of the document is a report from the Secretary of the Navy, dated January 25, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the Secretary's annual report to the President. The report is written in a formal, dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in the history of the United States.

hours are more than enough for any stage show. The reason why it takes so long to present a stage show in China is because sometimes they present a show four chapters long while here in San Francisco they do it in four separate nights."

<sup>Because of</sup> ~~Since~~ his experience with ghosts <sup>mothers</sup> ~~the women~~ would not let their daughters marry him, <sup>and</sup> people who knew <sup>about</sup> him would not <sup>even</sup> allow their daughters to be in his company. <sup>which</sup> That goes to show that darkness <sup>men and women</sup> still prevails in the minds of of many ~~of the people~~.

This man was born over here in America. When just a small boy his father sent him back with the mother. The father wished him to study and then if the boy wished, he could come back here to continue his studies. As things worked out, the boy did not study over here. The moment he landed in this country he wished to go to work.

He did not know much of the English then. He was too big to go to a public school with small children to learn the language. So the father hired a teacher, a Chinese teacher to teach him the language. This teacher knew a lot of Chinese and English and the father thought that the teacher was a fine one because if the son did not get what the teacher was saying, then, the teacher could explain in Chinese what he meant.

For six months the son studied under this teacher. This teacher taught him in the morning. At night, he taught school. Although six months was a very short time to learn a language as difficult as English, the son managed to pass rather satisfactorily.

He was taught only the important things. All of the ~~rules~~ uncommon and difficult rules of grammar were omitted because they were not absolutely necessary, even if they were helpful.





And with this slight understanding of English and his more than adequate knowledge of Chinese he set out to get a good position.

He did get a job though although he would not call it a very good position. He worked in one of those chain stores. At one time he even delivered newspapers much to his disgust. Although it was nothing to be ashamed of, nevertheless he despised to deliver papers.

But money is money and so he worked. His greatest ambition when he was boy was to become a stage actor. Now his greatest ambition is to become a motion picture director. He thinks that the Chinese motion pictures could be vastly improved. He thinks that the best Chinese pictures are not half as good as the mediocre American pictures.

All of this dreams and ambitions are in his mind. He is not studying to become a director nor is he taking any course related to motion picture industry. He is just a plain ordinary working man. A man who slaved for his three square meals a day and is thankful that he has a job.

He had been in America almost ten years now. His father and mother had gone back to live many years ago. He has a brother over here who is in the restaurant business.

He is not married. He does not think of it. Says that marriage is too much trouble.

But someday perhaps and maybe. "A man at thirty is not too old to be married," he says. Says that the majority of people married too young.

He does not believe that parents should select wives for their sons nor husbands for their daughters.

THE NOISE



The Peacock and the Crab

"Let me tell you a story about the peacock and the crab," the narrator said, "a <sup>why it is</sup> story of how the peacock possessed such magnificent colors, and why the crab had to crawl along the ground: —

<sup>as</sup> This story goes back to the olden times long ago. At that time there <sup>to</sup> ~~dwelled~~ <sup>was</sup> a king in his magnificent kingdom, <sup>who had an enormous and magnificent empire.</sup> He sat <sup>on his throne knowing that he had thousands of living</sup> a king who was contented with the thousand and one living <sup>living creatures human beings who were under</sup> things in the realm of his jurisdiction. It seemed that <sup>One day</sup> <sup>became sick</sup> this king developed an illness, and he made an announcement <sup>was sent by him to all the creatures</sup> to all living things in his land, <sup>in which</sup> and he said, <sup>"I myself have created"</sup> "All living things in my kingdom I have made, since I <sup>became</sup> king. Now I am sick, and all of you should come to <sup>me and</sup> my kingdom to care for me. The first one who shall come will be handsomely rewarded, and the last one who <sup>shall</sup> arrive <sup>will</sup> suffer in <sup>consequence. Such is my command.</sup> my command." <sup>hardly had</sup> Now when the announcement was <sup>been</sup> hardly given out, there <sup>came</sup> came a rush of <sup>creatures, human and animals</sup> humanity and living things to the palace of the king.

"It was the good fortune of the peacock to be the first one to arrive, and it was the misfortune of the crab to be the last one to reach the palace.

<sup>now</sup> <sup>rapidly</sup> Now at this time the king was sinking steadily, and when he felt that death was near, he <sup>gave this</sup> commanded: thus, 'After I die, I decree that a magnificent coat of colors shall be given to the peacock. <sup>He was</sup> <sup>creature thing</sup> It is the first living to reach me, and <sup>this is</sup> according <sup>the way he</sup> to my promise, <sup>as I promised.</sup> it shall be rewarded <sup>thus in this way.</sup> thus in this way.



*Just then*

~~It happened that at his moment~~ the king saw the crab,  
 and he ~~commanded thus~~, *gave this order:* "After I die, I decree that the intestine  
 of the crab be taken out, and ~~also~~ its legs must be broken, so  
 that ~~never again~~ *it can*, ~~could it~~ come back to ~~this~~ *the* imperial palace."...  
 "Now," ~~the narrator said~~, *said* that is the reason *said the narrator* why peacocks  
 have such glorious plumes, and why the crab has to crawl forever  
~~for the rest of its lives~~ *on the ground*. It is ~~because~~ *was* the ~~wish~~ *decree* of the king."

And so this is the story of the peacock and the crab.





teen but most of them were sent on to a continuation school in the city for two and three years.

The father died at the age of fifty-two and this son, now residing in San Francisco, was then aged sixteen. It was a terrible shock to the mother, who was left with ten children, and who received a pension of only sixty dollars per month.

In the meantime, some of his older brothers had gone to work as bakers, butchers, dry-goods salesmen, clerks and other similar trades. However, all of them had to labor for nothing, just to learn the work. After his father passed away, all his brothers were given a salary of five dollars per week and this brought in some fifty to sixty dollars per month to help keep the family. Meanwhile, the oldest son had become a teacher and followed in his father's footsteps.

Today all of his brothers are holding high executive posts, and they can thank their father for it, because he compelled them to study much and to master their mother language.

This period, however, was of short duration for our San Francisco man, as he became assistant bookkeeper at a sausage factory at the age of sixteen and within a year, acquainting himself with the knowledge of American double entry bookkeeping. But he was destined for something else, as he wanted to travel and go adventuring, and had told his mother often of his desire to go to America. Today he is the only one of all eight boys to be in the United





fifteen, in a warm room in which the father had made a fire in the coal stove. He also had the coffee made. The first thing they did was to drink their coffee; then school books were tackled at once and they studied until seven o'clock. This part of the routine began when they were six years of age and lasted until they were thirteen. At seven o'clock they had fifteen minutes' recreation and no matter what the weather was, they went outside. Of course this was fun for them as there were plenty of snowballs to throw at each other and they made snowmen. Snow would be as high as four and six feet every winter. They were back in the house at seven-fifteen o'clock. Their mother with the girls would be up by this time and breakfast would be served, mostly warm rice and milk, bread and cheese. Breakfast being finished at seven-thirty, another fifteen minutes were available for recreation. All of them were obliged to be at church at eight o'clock, except on Saturdays when they did not have to go. Church service finished at eight-thirty, after which they had another recreation period until nine o'clock when school would begin.

School lasted from nine until twelve o'clock, with two recesses, each only lasting fifteen minutes. At ten-thirty, each had to rush over to the house, which was built in with the school building, to eat some cake with milk. This took them only a few minutes, for they had to make this fifteen minute recreation period profitable. Should any one have a cold or stomach disorder,





he could learn to read and write and keep his books for him. The son he chose first served as an apprentice in a store in a neighboring district. He was then twelve. Then he worked as a cook and general houseboy for three years. Finally, at the mature age of fifteen, he was sent to another store to actually learn a trade and to become a business man. To be certain that the master to whom his son was apprenticed would fulfill his contract and really teach his son his trade, he paid him ten taels for the training. At the end of three years the son was ready. He was then eighteen and his father sent him to Indo-China. He returned after a year, having made no success. He married and remained at home for one year to help his father, working as a silk salesman. But the wanderlust that assails so many Cantonese was upon him and at twenty-one he came to California. And so Lun had educated his son only to see him drift away from him completely.

One more detail about the typical village must be born in mind and that is the somewhat amazing percentage of land, often exceedingly fertile land, that is given over to the dead. In general it can be said that two to four percent of the farm land of a given





district is in graves. At times it rises as high as nine percent. What this must mean economically to a country so overpopulated as China, can well be imagined. Nor is it difficult to visualize the influence this close proximity, physical and economic, of the dead to the living must have had upon strengthening and continually reinvigorating that belief in ghosts which is so fundamental a trait of Chinese peasant life.

Before turning to a consideration of the folklore and folk beliefs themselves we shall try to reinforce the description of the village given above by appealing to the memories of their native life that still persist among Chinese permanently residing in California. This is all the more necessary for an understanding of this folklore because, after all, it was collected here, in an environment and an atmosphere foreign and alien to the cultural soil on which it arose and matured. It is always best, under such circumstances, to attempt to gauge the nature of the tricks memory is apt to play.





to be a sort of Robin Hoodish group, actually it was controlled by shrewd leaders who made use of the association for their own profits. In spite, however, of its essentially dishonest nature, people flocked to it by the thousands because they were so dissatisfied with the oppression of the landlords and the corruption of the government magistrates that they were not interested in discriminating between what was right and what was wrong, even if they had known.

Chen joined the San Ting Hui society when he was twenty-two years old. Every new member had to take an oath of fidelity. They had to swear to be loyal to the "Big Brothers;" they must pay respect to the image of the first emperor of the Ming dynasty; to help fellow brethren when they were in danger; to maintain absolute secrecy and not to expose any fellow brethren to the Manchu magistrates.

Chen joined the San Ting Hui in the later days of the Manchu dynasty. With the coming of the Republic, the San Ting Hui went out of existence. The economic bankruptcy of the country became more pronounced every day and the peasants, particularly the young ones, were forced to go to foreign lands. Chen was one of these.

The life story of Kwan is perhaps more typical than the previous ones, showing the bondage under which

1. The first of these is the  
fact that the majority of the  
population is of Indian descent.  
This is due to the fact that the  
Indians were the first to settle  
in the country.

2. The second is the fact that  
the majority of the population is  
of Indian descent.

3. The third is the fact that  
the majority of the population is  
of Indian descent.







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